THE

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HER NAME.

In the Bible Record dingy and old,
Her name and the day of her advent stand,
In a little line in the story told,
Traced out by grandpa's trembling hand;
"Minnie" we christened her from the first,
Maria Louise the record read;
But the pen was a quill and acted its worst,
And grandpapa's r was old-fashioned, we said.

In her school-books, neat, with a flourish brave,
The e like a knot in linen thread,
And the middle L she could not save
From a body too slim for its bulky head.
Then the line was wont to go astray,
But that was a trifle too small to mind,
The lessons in spelling had their day,
And the book and belongings were left behind.

Then the girlish letters, many and oft,
To darling Bessie and dearest May,
Written close and the lines re-crust,
Daintily signed and sent away.
The church below, and the angel above,
Wrote it on the enlistment rolls,
Of those who strive 'neath the banner of love,
On the side of struggling human souls.

She grew space, and graved her name
On many a heart both young and old,
And one consumed in a quenchless flame,
And the story of Eden was sweetly told.

* * * * * *

Where the moonlight falls in a tender way,
And the willows droop in the chill night-air,
They bid her fair young face one day,
And carved her name on marble there.

MIRIAM EARL.

Jasper Onslow's Wife.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU,

AUTHOR OF "THE CONSEQUENCE," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

ON THE BRINK.

To visit him,
To tend him with a soft, officious zeal—
All, that I can, I will, to make his misery
Slide from him light and airily.

—*Miss ——.*

Mrs. Henderson, of Villiers-street, was not a woman of many scruples, provided her lodgers paid their way. A full purse and an outwardly respectable bearing covered a multitude of sins in her eyes, and a marriage certificate was as a feather in the balance compared to a fat check book or a store of golden sovereigns.

So she said nothing of her suspicions, which a further scrutiny of Muriel's belongings confirmed, and waited on the girl as demurely as though she knew her in very deed to be what she called herself—Jasper Onslow's sister.

"Some fine young miss that's run away from her friends, I'll be bound," she thought. "Well, I'll bide my time. They'll find her out, and come after her."

But no one came. Muriel Chisholm had no friends to run after her. Ernest Dormer was the only one who ever asked after her at all.

"I'll try and save her before it is too late," he said to himself. "She's not the sort of girl to live through a scandal patiently, and there'll be one by and by when my sweet cousin finds out what has become of her."

He hardly knew what he was going to do or say when he presented himself at the lodging-house door.

"No better," was the account the landlady gave him, "but well nursed. His sister"—with the least bit of emphasis in the world—"took every care of him."

"Ah, yes, his sister, Miss Onslow, of course," he said, emboldened by the mention of her name. "How is she?"

"Quite well, sir."

"I think I should like to—to see her today," he stammered. "Will you call her down?"

"Certainly, sir. What name?"

"None; at least, there is no need to give her any. Say an intimate friend of Mr. Onslow's would be glad to see her on business of importance to him."

"Very good, sir."

Mrs. Henderson went with the message herself. She smelt a rat, to use her own parlance, and was not to be deceived. Muriel was sitting in what had grown to be her accustomed place now, the side of the sick bed; her eyes fixed upon the sick man's face, and her work, some trifle of sewing, fallen into her lap. There was a troubled look in her blue eyes, which were swelled with many tears, and her fair young face was knitted into lines of anxiety and trouble.

"A gentleman wishing to see me," she said, in amazement. "There must be some mistake."

"No mistake, ma'am. Mr. Onslow's sister, he said, and it's on important business to him. Maybe it's about his picture, or something of that sort."

"Say I will come down in a minute or two," Muriel said, and the landlady vanished. "Who can it be? What shall I do?" she said, when she was gone. "It can be no one that knows me, or he would not have asked for his sister. Of importance to him. Yes, I'll risk it. I'll be his sister still, and meet this stranger."

No stranger. It was a face she knew only too well that turned to her when she entered Mrs. Henderson's pretentious drawing-room, to the door of which that worthy person presently crept, to make an unseen third at the interview.

"Mr. Dormer!" she exclaimed, shrinking back. "You!"

"Yes, Miss Chisholm, my very self," he replied, quietly.

"What do you want with me? Have you followed me?"

"No, indeed; I saw you accidentally. I had no idea you were not at the Grange."

"I have left Kingscolm forever."

THE LAST RESOURCE.

"So I should imagine, or you would hardly be here under an assumed name with him."

"Did you come to insult me, Mr. Dormer?"

"No, on my soul," he replied, warmly. "Sit down. Your secret is safe with me. I came to save you, if possible."

"To save me?"

"Yes. Do you know what you have done?"

"Do I not know? I have flung away name and fame, all chance of holding up my head in the world again, every hope of employment, of bread even, to nurse a man who writhes and moans at the sound of my name, whose whole soul is given to another. Do I know what I have done? Can you, knowing the world, ask me such a question?"

"You have lost nothing yet," he replied, kindly. "My dear Miss Chisholm, everything may be retrieved, and no one be any the wiser. Not a creature but me knows your whereabouts. No one in town has seen you, or need ever hear a syllable about your two days' visit to Mrs. Henderson."

"And what am I to do, supposing I accept your kind offer?" she said, somewhat bitterly. "I expect by this time, Mr. Dormer, every one who knows me is pretty well aware of where I am."

"Who is to tell them?"

"Doris Carlyon."

"Does she know?"

"I did not say I was coming to London to nurse her victim; but I told her what I knew of her conduct to him, and—and—"

"And what?" he asked, kindly, for the blue eyes grew suffused with tears, which began to fall heavily down her pale cheeks. "I will not betray any confidence you like to repose in me. I suspect I shall have to have a reckoning with my cousin on my own account some day. What else did you tell her?"

"That I loved the man who lies dying yonder better than I loved my own life—that I would die for him if need be."

"H'm! She would be likely to make the most of it, I think; but, still, it is not too late. If you will leave this house, the false step you have taken—for it is a false one, believe me—may yet be redeemed."

"I will not redeem it," she said, with flashing eyes. "Have I not said I love him? I love him so dearly, Mr. Dormer, that every stab dealt to him by the beautiful fiend who has brought him to this has gone to my heart like a knife. I love him so that to see him well and happy, and in his place in the world once more, I would nurse him back to life at the risk of my own, even though his first words were to spurn me from his side, and all the world should point at me as his mistress."

She looked so beautiful in her passionate excitement that he stared at her with unspeakable amazement.

"How lovely she is!" he thought. "What a pity she should have wasted so much affection on him. On my soul, I don't think he's worth it. Then you won't let me help you?" he said, gravely.

"In one way you can," she said, trying to force her trembling lips into a smile.

"How?"

"Keep my secret, if it is one. I don't deserve all the hard things the world will say of me yet."

"I will, I promise you. Anything else?"

"Rescue my boxes from Kingscolm, if you can without trouble or annoyance to yourself. Miss Carlyon has not sent them yet, and I really have nothing to wear."

"You shall have them at once. Doris ought to be ashamed of herself to indulge in such petty spite as that."

"I suspect it was indifference, not spite," Muriel replied. "She has never troubled about it, and the servants have followed her lead, that is all."

"I will see to it."

"And don't speak to her of me."

"I will not—be sure of that. Now, is there nothing else?"

"Yes; say good-bye; and when next we meet, if ever we should meet in this world again, 'pass by on the other side.' It will be the kindest thing that you and such as you can do for me."

The tears came now. Muriel's overcharged heart would have relief, and crouching down before him, she covered her face with her hands, and burst into a passion of bitter tears. He let her weep unchecked till the first burst of her grief had spent itself, and then he tried once more to reason with her, and persuade her to give up her self-imposed task and leave the house.

It was all in vain. She was not to be turned from her purpose, and with a very heavy heart he was fain to leave her to her work of mercy, and go.

He went down to Kingscolm Grange, and Doris Carlyon received him with a courtesy that was half contemptuous.

"You do not ask for Miss Chisholm," she said, after he had greeted her and her aunt.

"I have no need, Doris. I have seen her within twenty-four hours."

"Oh, indeed?"

"Yes; and I am here mainly to request that you will kindly forward her luggage. She is in much need of it."

"Do you expect me to see to it myself?"

"No. Give your orders; your servants will obey them."

"I don't know that. My servants are not accustomed to wait upon persons of light character."

"Miss Carlyon, are you speaking of Muriel Chisholm?"

"I am," was the cold retort; "of Jasper Onslow's mistress."

"You know such an assertion to be false."

"I know it to be true. Read that."

She tossed a letter to him contemptuously, with a look of scorn upon her beautiful face that made her loveliness almost fiendish to look upon. The letter was from Mr. M'Crome, in answer to some communication of hers, and bore date only the day before.

"It is a pity such a champion of innocence should not know the truth," she said, with a sneer, as he opened the letter.

It was brief, but very much to the purpose.

"Burlington House, May 5th, 18—.

"MY DEAR MISS CARLYON—You will see by the inclosed check, which I am very sorry to have to return, that your munificence has been of no avail. Agreeably to your desire, I sought out Mr. Onslow—or rather his lodgings, for I did not see him—and made all inquiries. To my surprise, I was confronted by a young lady, his sister, who repelled me, and declined your proffered aid in the most contemptuous manner. 'I would rather see him dead in the street,' she said, passionately, 'than accept help for him from her. Bread given him by Doris Carlyon would choke him!' I was shown out of the house, I may say more astonished than I felt in my life before at the girl's rudeness toward a total stranger. Mr. Onslow has never recovered his senses, and is, therefore, unable to speak for himself. I have no doubt that he would be more grateful. Once more regretting that I should have been unsuccessful in acting as your almoner, believe me faithfully yours,

"JULIUS M'CROME."

"His sister!" Doris said, with a bitter sneer. "He had no sister. He has told me a thousand times how lonely he was, without any relations in the world. Sister, forsooth! A nice, innocent sister, truly!"

"Yes, both pure and innocent, whatever the world may say," Ernest Dormer replied. "I will go and see to her boxes being sent out of your house, Miss Carlyon."

"I don't know that I ought to let them go," she replied, tauntingly. "When a servant runs away, it might be as well to see that she takes nothing but her own things with her."

"Stop!" thundered her cousin. "You have said enough. If any man had dared to utter half of what you have thought fit to say against this innocent girl, I would have flung him out of the window yonder, to repent on the stones of the courtyard. A woman can stab as she pleases."

Doris Carlyon had made no secret of where she fancied Muriel Chisholm had gone, and the servants had taken their cue from their mistress. Hardly one of them would touch Muriel's boxes, and one and all expressed their opinion of her pretty openly.

"There will come a day of reckoning for this, Doris Carlyon," he said to her, when at length he had done what he wished, and returned to the sitting-room. "All the wrong you are trying to heap on the head of this innocent girl will recoil tenfold on your head in the days to come."

"Do you believe in retributive justice, then, Mr. Dormer?"

"I do."

"Then expect it for yourself. You are something too much interested in my affairs—a little more authoritative than becomes an outsider in what goes on at Kingscolm Grange. You fancy it may one day be yours."

"Doris!"

"Oh, I know. You think I shall never marry. You are right—I never shall. Don't stare at me like that. It is no mere girlish whim—it is the truth; but whether I live to a green old age, or die to-morrow, you will be no nearer the Grange."

"What do you mean?"

"What I say. It has been very pleasant to look at the old place, hasn't it, and fancy that if it should please Heaven to remove me, you would lord it here its master? That day will never come, Ernest Dormer, and it is a keen pleasure to me to know it."

"I don't know in the least what you mean."

"I'll tell you, and when you know it, go, and rid the Grange of your presence forever. Stoop your head—closer—there's no need to enlighten auntie there."

She whispered a few words in his ear, and he looked at her with a stern, set face for a moment, and then, without another word, he rose, and left the room, her mocking laughter following him as he went.

CHAPTER VIII.

SAVED BY A RING.

And there is even a happiness
That makes the heart afraid. *Hood.*

Ernest Dormer quitted the Grange, and Doris Carlyon and her aunt went abroad. Something of the truth regarding Jasper Onslow had leaked out, and hard things were being said of the heiress, so she thought it well to vanish for awhile. She did not see her cousin again, nor did he visit Muriel Chisholm.

"I can do nothing but let her alone," he said. "Things must take their course. If Onslow gets well he must marry her. He can't be bound enough not to, unless he is what the doctor seems to dread—an idiot."

He assured himself that nothing was wanting in the dismal little lodgings, and slipped many a sovereign into the hand of the landlady for comforts which Muriel's funds could not buy. But an end came to his ministrations. He was obliged to leave England to see after some property of his father's in the West Indies. Before he left he wrote to Muriel. He would not attempt to see her, for he knew she would refuse his aid, so he sent her a short note, begging her acceptance of all the money he could spare—fifty pounds—which he had the forethought to send in small notes, and bidding her good-bye. The money was for Jasper Onslow, he told her, so she must not scruple to use it.

There was not a word of reference to her position, not a line that a brother might not have written to a sister, and Muriel felt doubly lonely when she knew he was gone. She had not seen him for some time, but she knew she had a friend while he was in London, and now it seemed as though she were thrown upon the wide world alone.

But a happier time was coming for her—a time when Jasper Onslow opened his eyes and ceased his restless moaning, and looked at her with a recognizing glance. She saw him looking earnestly at his own wasted hands and round the room in questioning wonder, and hid herself behind the curtain, that he might not be too much startled all at once.

Presently he said, in a low, faint voice—

"Is any one there?" and she slipped from her hiding-place, and stood by his side.

"I am here, Mr. Onslow," she said.

"You, Miss Chisholm!"

"Yes. Don't try to talk yet. Drink a little of this."

She put a cordial to his lips, and lifted his head upon her arm to enable him to take it.

"Am I ill?" he said. "What has happened to me?"

"Never mind yet awhile. Thank Heaven you are better. You will know all by and by."

He was too weak to talk, and fell asleep almost while he was talking to her. The doctor, when he came, pronounced that the crisis was past, and that with care and attention a cure would follow. The next day Jasper remembered all—the scene at the Academy, his despair, and the agony he had felt when insensibility mercifully seized him.

"But you," he said to Muriel; "how came you here? You were at—"

"At Kingscolm? Yes," she replied; "but I have left it forever."

"For my sake—to nurse me?"

"Don't ask me, Mr. Onslow—don't question me, for Heaven's sake. You are better now, and I will go. It was only while there seemed no hope of your life that my place was by your side."

"Go, when I owe my life to you! Go, when you have perilled your good name for my worthless sake! Stay and be my good angel forever, Muriel. Be my wife, and bless the life that Heaven has restored to me through you."

Muriel's heart beat wildly at his words. To be his wife would seem like a foretaste of Heaven to her; but she could not forget his constant moan for Doris Carlyon during the days of his delirium, and her voice was very tremulous as she answered him.

"Do not speak hastily, Mr. Onslow. You are very good, but it is not I whom you love. Your heart is given away, and the name of another woman has been constantly on your lips ever since I have been watching by your side."

"Do not judge me now by what I uttered then," he said. "I am cured, believe me. I was cured before I left Kingscolm Grange. All that remained of my mad passion for Doris Carlyon was a burning desire for revenge. Even that has passed away now. I am simply indifferent to her altogether. I could meet her face to face, and not feel a flutter at my heart or a flush on my cheek. I can leave her to Heaven—her punishment will come."

"Are you sure of this?"

"Quite sure. Lay your lips on mine, Muriel, and say you will have me. We shall be very poor, my dear, and you will spend your honeymoon in nursing a broken-down invalid; but I'll be true and faithful to you. Say you love me enough for such a sacrifice. I think you do—I read it in your eyes."

Muriel's lips could hardly deny what her eyes had revealed, and it was with a very full heart that she laid her head upon his breast and whispered how she loved him.

All that day she watched him as he lay sleeping in the exhaustion which follows fever, and thought of the future. What mattered if they were poor, so he loved her and she was his wife? All remembrance of the discomfort of her position, the possible scandal, the coldness with which she would be received when she went into the world again, vanished in the promised bliss of the future, and there was not a lighter heart in all London than hers when at length she lay down to rest after the excitement of the day.

The next day Jasper Onslow was able to talk, and discuss with Muriel what was to be done and what had passed. She told him everything that had happened, and how kind Ernest Dormer had been.

"But he is gone now," she said, "and I don't know a single creature I could tell."

"Of course not," he said, quickly. "No one must know what has happened till you go out with me my wife. Tell Mrs. Henderson, Muriel. She isn't a bad sort of woman at bottom, though something vulgar-tongued."

"Do you know, Jasper, I fancy she suspects."

"What?"

"That I am not your sister."

"She's hardly the woman to keep it to herself if she does, dear; but I think she will help you."

Muriel went down in the evening with considerable trepidation, and sought an audience of Mrs. Henderson. That lady was in her own peculiar sanctum, reposing after the toils of getting her drawing-room lodger's dinner ready, and was tolerably good-tempered.

"Can you spare me five minutes?" Muriel asked. "I have something to say to you."

"Yes, my dear," she said, promptly. "Sit down. You're looking very thin and pale; but for all that," she added, mentally, "if it's to say that you've no money, or anything of that sort, you don't stay here."

"Anxiety is apt to make people look worn," Muriel replied, "and I have had a good deal."

"Yes, to be sure, miss; but your brother is getting round nicely now."

"Very nicely, thank you. I came to speak to you about him," the poor girl said, blundering right into her subject, and speaking very fast. "I wanted to tell you that—that Mr. Onslow is not my brother. I am in no way related to him."

Mrs. Henderson did not say she was perfectly aware of the fact, and did not mind so she got her rent. She drew herself up in a virtuously indignant manner, and replied, stiffly—

"Indeed, madam! Then, may I ask—"

"Don't ask anything, Mrs. Henderson," Muriel replied, hastily, "at least, till I have told you what I want. There was no other way of getting into your house to nurse him. You would not have let me in if I had said I was only a woman who loved him so dearly that I would die for him if need be, so I said he was my brother, and now I want you to help us."

"Indeed, madam—Miss—a—a—"

"Chisholm—Muriel Chisholm is my name."

"And what can I do for you? I cannot permit you to—"

"To stay here under false pretences any longer; of course not. But we have no friends, either of us, and I don't know London, and you do. We want to be married at once. Can you help us?"

"Married, my dear?"

"Yes. I know quite well how I have compromised myself by what I have done. Mr. Onslow will not be able to go out for a long time, and I want to have the right to nurse him."

"Of course, of course, my dear. It's quite proper; but it will cost money, and if—"

"I have enough; at least, I hope so. I can bear the expense."

"Well, I'll come up and talk to Mr. Onslow about it, if he'll let me. I'm old enough to be the mother of the pair of you, and I'll help you if I can. I can't make it out," she said to herself, as Muriel went up-stairs light of heart and foot. "If she's the woman he loves, why, then, madmen and fools lie. Why, I've listened to him shouting for 'Doris' somebody, and calling her his darling, many a time since that girl came here. Muriel! it's a pretty name, and she's a pretty creature. I'll help 'em, though I fancy he's only marrying her because he can't get the other one, whoever she may be."

Mrs. Henderson was mistaken. Jasper Onslow had no wish for Doris Carlyon now. He was in love with Muriel; but it was a love engendered by her patient devotion and brave self-sacrifice. Mrs. Henderson learned nearly all there was to tell in her interview with him, and promised to fetch the clergyman of the parish to him without delay.

And so it came about that in a short time there was a quiet wedding in the nearest church. Jasper Onslow was just able to be driven to the church, and Muriel was pale and worn from all her watching and anxiety. Mrs. Henderson and an old

gentleman who had rented a room of her for years, were the witnesses; and though Muriel felt that the officiating minister rather scrambled through the service, and spoke to and looked at her as though he considered her a sort of repentant Magdalen, her heart was full of thankfulness when he shut his book, and the landlady kissed her and called her "Mrs. Onslow."

She had to face the world now with him, and for him, for it would be some time before he would be able to work; but she could see nothing but her present happiness, and she wept for very joy as she watched him sleeping off his great excitement.

It was weeks before he was able to be permanently moved, and the rent of the larger and airier room to which they went made sad havoc with Muriel's slender store of money. In vain Jasper tried to stand at his work, to make a sketch, to think out a picture—brain and limb were alike too feeble yet, and he was fain to give up the effort, and rest content with Muriel's assurance that she had enough for the present. But her pretty face grew pinched and wan, and her eyes dim with the horrible dread that poverty brings with it. Then watch and trinkets went, and the best of her clothes, in the struggle to keep the wolf from the door; and then she tried to get pupils, sewing—anything that would bring in a few pounds.

As Jasper grew stronger, he also tried. His hand had lost its cunning as a painter. With the spoiled portrait of Doris Carlyon, all his talent for great work seemed to have vanished. He could still make very pretty sketches and teach; and he labored incessantly at the one, and tried to get employment at the other till his heart grew sick with disappointment and his limbs failed him with fatigue.

One evening, after a necessary ramble in search of anything that would bring in a few shillings, he came home and fainted away.

Muriel, in terror, fetched the landlady.

"What shall I do?" she said. "He will die, and I have not the means to get him even a glass of wine."

"I'll give him that much, my dear," she said. "Just you get him to bed, and we'll see what can be done."

They revived him and put him to bed, and then the landlady took Muriel to her room.

"I know how you could get a few pounds just for present uses," she said, "though, maybe, it's in a way you wouldn't like."

CHAPTER IX.

MARLING MANOR.

Unhinged the iron gates half open hung,
Jarred by the rusty gales of many winters,
That from its crumbled pedestal had flung
One marble globe in splinters. —*Hood.*

Muriel looked up at her landlady with something of an astonished glance.

"A way I shouldn't like?" she repeated.

"Oh, nothing wrong, my dear, or that a lady couldn't do," Mrs. Henderson replied.

"What is it, then? I would do anything for a pound or two just now. Jasper wants comforts so badly, and winter will be on us soon, and he is so thinly clad."

"And so are you, child, every bit as thinly, and you will want comforts before the winter's out just as much as he will, and more. I was thinking of just the present. Would you mind having your hair cut off?"

"My hair? What for?"

Muriel looked at the worthy lady as though she thought she had gone out of her mind. She did not understand her in the least.

"It would bring you in a bit of money—five pounds, I dare say; and it would grow again in a year or so, and be as thick and fine as ever in a few years to come."

"Five pounds! My hair!"

"Yes, I'm sure it would, if not more. Why, it's a yard long, I'm sure."

"Yes, it's rather more; but would any lady buy it?"

"Many a fine lady would give a twenty-pound note for such long plaits; but any dealer would give you a good price for it—only it's an awful sacrifice."

"What, to cut off my hair! Suppose I had a fever, it would go off then of itself. Tell me who will buy it, and I will go at once."

"Well, I do know some one—he's a queer old fellow; but he'll give you an honest price for it. It's a long way from here; but no one will know you there, and more than that, old Jabez won't insult you with asking any impertinent questions."

"Where does he live?"

"Well down Limehouse way, at Marling Manor."

"Marling Manor! Is he a gentleman, then?"

"Not a bit of it, my dear; and the Manor isn't a manor at all now. It was a fine house some time, there isn't a doubt about that, when the country around there was country, and not docks and back slums; but it keeps its name, and old Jabez Colliver sticks to it still, and will all his life."

"And is he a hairdresser?"

"Law bless you, no! He's a dealer in—Well, I'm sure I don't know what—everything, I think; hair for one thing, I know. I've sold him many a thing in my time, and I've always found him fair-dealing enough."

"Is he a Jew?"

"I don't think he is. Folks say he is a miser, and very rich; but I don't believe a word of that. I think he's as poor as he is eccentric, myself. He deals in pictures, too, so he might be of some use to Mr. Onslow. Who knows?"

"I'll go to him to-morrow," Muriel said, thinking of all the sketches that lay waiting to be purchased in her husband's room. "How shall I get there, Mrs. Henderson?"

"Take the Woolwich boat to Limehouse Pier—it's only sixpence—and then ask any one you meet. Every one about there knows the Manor."

The night seemed interminably long to Muriel, and she was up betimes brushing and arranging her magnificent silky hair, which had never seemed so long and so glossy as it did now that she was going to part with it forever.

"Where are you going?" her husband asked.

He was too languid and weak from his fainting fit of yesterday to be able to get out himself, and he was hardly conscious of how near her last penny Muriel had come.

"Mrs. Henderson has recommended me to a person she knows for some work," she said, hesitatingly.

"Work! You! Oh, Muriel!"

"I must work," she said, gently. "Don't look so miserable about it, dear. When you are well I shall not need to do anything but keep house for you, you know."

He bent his head upon his wasted hands, and wept for very weakness and weariness; and she kissed him and went away, stronger than ever in her purpose to get him nourishment and warmth at any sacrifice to herself.

Mrs. Henderson was right; almost the first person she met after she left the boat at Limehouse Pier could tell her where to go.

"Want old Jabez, miss?" a rough-looking, ambitious sort of man asked her. "Oh, yes, every one hereabouts knows him. You just go up that street, and you'll see Marling Manor just ahead of you. My eyes! you'd need have courage to go near him now."

"Why?"

She put the question very timidly, for the odd place and the strange people, half sailors, half landsmen, and wholly rude, that were lounging about, frightened her not a little.

A lady was a strange anomaly in that part of the world, and plenty of curious eyes followed her as she walked along. She was very plainly dressed, but no one could pass her in the street without knowing her for something different from the ordinary middle-class women who went to and fro, and here in Limehouse she seemed a being of a different order.

"Why?" said the man, with a coarse laugh; "because he is rather put out, he is. I offered him a curiosity just now as I've brought from foreign parts, and he didn't see the pull of buying it, though there's many a one as would think it worth more than all his shop put together."

He turned a quid of tobacco in his mouth, and laughed, and Muriel, feeling both frightened and disgusted, hurried away.

The fact was, the worthy Jack Tar had very narrowly escaped having his head broken by an Indian club which the old man had hurled at him for offering him a mermaid for sale—said mermaid being composed of a monkey with a fish's tail, and being about as unsavory and ill-looking an article as could well be imagined.

Muriel paused, half in surprise, half in fear, as she turned the corner of the squalid street, and came full upon the old house known as Marling Manor. A gray old building, bearing the name of Marling and a date on a lozenge between the up-stairs front windows. A house with gables and turrets and uncouth ornaments, betokening the Tudor period of architecture—a house where, it was said, Queen Elizabeth had been hidden in the troublous days when her jealous sister held the throne—a house where gay young gallants and fair ladies had ruffled it in those troublous times, where revelling and death went hand-in-hand; but which had now dwindled, and fallen, and decayed, till there was left only the main building, with its huge door and hall, and spacious rooms on each side and behind, and the story above, with its broad staircase of imperishable oak.

The offices and outbuildings, with whatever land there might have been attached to the house, were under water now in the basin of the big dock, which came right up to the back of the house, while a little strip of yard, with a broken railing, was all that was left between the front wall and the street.

Whoever Marling might have been—whether builder, founder, or owner of the place—it had been in possession of Jabez Colliver and his family for over two hundred years, and no offer, however tempting, could induce the old miser—for such he was considered to be—to give up the ancient, rickety place to be pulled down.

His progenitors had been wiser than he. His father and grandfather had let go all they possessed but the house itself, and the land had been built upon and used in the dock; but they had kept the house, and so would he.

What hidden reason he had for continuing to live there quite alone as he did, no one knew. He would allow no one within its doors after nightfall. Charwomen came and went during the day, doing the necessary work of the place; but no one slept there save the master himself.

People called him a miser, but beyond his eccentricity he had none of the attributes of the race. He was cleanly in his habits, and not penurious in his way of living. He lived plainly but well, and stinted himself in no necessaries of life. In appearance he was small, dark, and withered-looking, with very bright gray eyes and hair, which fell from under the black cap he covered his head with, like threads of spun glass, so white was it. He affected a rather Jewish style of dress, being generally clad in a long garment like a gaber dine, tied round his waist with a girdle. His voice was shrill and sharp, and he had a habit of mumbling to himself, that made all the ignorant people around him regard him as something uncanny, and keep at a very respectful distance from the weird-looking manor house and its curious master.

He was looking out of the window on the left hand side of the door when Muriel Onslow first caught sight of him, a quaint little picture in an odd framework of all sorts of curious things, antique and modern. He was talking to himself, and gesticulating like an angry monkey.

"Well, what do you want?" he called to her when he saw her standing irresolutely at the gate. "Have you got a mermaid to sell?"

"No."

"Well, a cockatrice, or a green dragon, or a piece of green cheese cut from the moon, or anything equally rare and curious, eh? Oh, the fools, the scoundrels, the idiots! do they take this for Bedlam, and me for the principal idiot, I wonder?"

Muriel thought it would not be very marvellous if they did, and she laughed in spite of her fears as she replied, quietly, that she had none of those wonders to dispose of, but wished to speak to Mr. Colliver if he was disengaged.

He looked up at the sound of her voice, and came quickly to the door, doffing his cap and bowing his patriarchal old head.

"I beg your pardon, miss," he said. "I thought I was speaking to one of the ordinary women about here. You do not live in these parts?"

"Oh, no."

"I was sure of it. Limehouse air does not breed such women as you. Never mind me, my dear. I'm an old man, and say what I think. Everybody hereabouts, and a long way off, too, knows old Jabez Colliver. Now, then, what can I do for you? Any little thing you want to buy in my shop? Any curious trinket to sell? It is not much that comes amiss to me."

He led the way, while he was speaking, into the room he had left—once a spacious reception room, now shop, parlor, and kitchen all in one for the eccentric master of the house. At the end farthest from the door was a huge fireplace of the old-fashioned country sort, where dogs at each side supported great logs of wood which burnt upon the hearth. The dogs were there still, but the wide old hearth was filled up with a compact little stove, which baked, boiled, and roasted according to the will of the owner, and the large, hollow chimney was filled up with neatly arranged cooking utensils. An old fashioned easy-chair and a footstool showed that the old man did not disdain to make himself comfortable sometimes, and a sleek cat, purring on the latter, gave the lie to his reputed miserly habits. The rest of the room was filled to overflowing almost with curious and useful articles. Mrs. Henderson had not been far from the truth when she said Jabez Colliver dealt in everything.

"Now, then, my dear," he said, suavely, "what can I do for you? Anything in this way?"

He lifted the lid of a small case as he spoke, and showed her some sparkling jewels.

"No," she said, with a sigh, "I came to sell, not to buy."

"Well, well, let me see what you have to dispose of. I give good prices—no one can say I do not. Old gold and silver at weight; old lace at a fair value; old china, too if valuable; silks according to quality."

"I have none of these," Muriel said, with some difficulty. "I have only—"

"Only what, my dear?"

"My hair!" she replied, tearing off her bonnet and net, and letting it tumble in a golden cloud over her shoulders. "It is very long, you see, and I am told it is the fashionable color, and is worth money, and we want money so badly, my husband and I!"

And having said her say in breathless haste, she covered her face with her hands and burst into tears, Jabez Colliver staring at her the while in speechless amazement.

(*To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 31.*)

"WELL DONE!"

A Tale of the English Coast.

I.

Just where one of our beautiful western rivers widens to the sea, nestles the little fisher-hamlet of Ferrybank; its low, thatched cottages clustered on the rugged beach, and dotted here and there upon the noble cliffs which rise behind—brilliant in summer-time with furze and broom and heather. On the other side the river, the quiet and picturesque watering-place of Llanvriar lies cool and white among the rich, warm blossoms on the hill-side, and between the hamlet and the town plies the little ferry-boat which gives the village its name. But the trusty little sailing-vessel is rarely used; for at least half its time it leans in utter idleness under the ferryman's cottage, while the waters lap it softly as they pass, and laugh that they are close upon the sea at last.

But the fishing-boats at Ferrybank have no such holiday. When they rest they do it in an uncertain manner, standing ready for action, though high and dry upon the rocky beach, and waiting to be dragged down amid those busy shouts, as they are dragged so many times in every year. But one there is even of these, which from month to month lies useless and rudderless upon an isolated shelf of rocks. And the fishermen—their rough voices softened a little—tell how one evening the squire's yacht found that boat tossing tenantless upon the waves not quite three miles from shore, and towed it slowly home; landing it on the beach just where the missing fisherman's son stood waiting and watching for his father's signal. None of them can tell how Owen Vaughan—the ablest and most fearless sailor on the coast—met his death upon the secret sea; but they will tell how the boy, through all the night that followed, sat alone upon the cliffs, and how, when he came home at last, he had a look upon his face as if he had borne the sorrow of a man's life—a look which they tell you he can never lose again. And then they add, turning a little from your face to look, beyond the very sea itself, to where the sky spreads wide and bright above, that though such things may be like oft-told tales in lives like theirs, yet that the shock they bring never is the less keen for that, nor the bereavement the less deep and sore. This is how in Owen Vaughan's cottage there fell the great hush of a sudden grief, which the boy—who had loved his father with that strength and tenderness of devotion which it is given us sometimes to see in boy-natures—battled with in a strange, unboyish silence, while his mother let her sorrow overwhelm her, and the baby-girl, herself an unconscious comforter, cried wonderingly in the gloom of the darkened cottage.

But this grief grew less as years went on. The mother earned a scanty livelihood by her washing, and little Duddgha—in spite of the weight of her Welsh name—grew from babyhood to girlhood, tall and lithe and active, ever ready with her nimble feet or fingers to lighten her mother's toil; while Owen won his way so rapidly in the village school, that the lame schoolmaster began most painfully to feel the narrowness of his own erudition under the boy's wide questioning. He was even right too when he muttered suggestively among the villagers that "Owen was an odd child, and would not associate with his schoolfellows." Owen was an odd child. Since he had lost that one friend who shared every thought, he had let the reserve and solitariness which characterized him grow and deepen. And little sympathy had the restless village lads with Owen's deep and concentrated love for the studies which to them meant only imprisonment. Nothing could they understand of the still bright dreams in which he sat alone by the whispering sea, or of the brave and fearless resolutions which he gathered strength to keep when he stood and watched the storm-beaten waters, finding perhaps an echo in his own longing heart to the wild, mystic voice which was to make all doubt and wonder clear to him one day.

At last the village schoolmaster, seeing he could take the boy no farther on the path he trod so rapidly, mentioned generally the advisability of his leaving school now, and mentioned it particularly to Sir Bulkley Gwynne, the rich, eccentric bachelor who owned all Ferrybank, and lived in the great house upon the wooded bank above Llanvriar. Sir Bulkley, always quick to see the help which it was wise to give, and always proud and glad when he found unexpected gifts and powers among his people, examined the boy himself—startled without puzzling him, frightened without bewildering him—and then dismissed him with a few curt words of advice, but no encouragement. Yet only a few days afterwards he appeared again in the village school, and, walking through the rows of standing boys to where Owen waited with his head raised from his open book, he told him he had chosen another school for him, and that the master had promised, on condition of the boy's progress being satisfactory—here the squire's hand, which was upon Owen's shoulder now, grew a little heavier, and his voice a little more emphatic—to retain him as tutor, and pay him according to his services.

Sir Bulkley, making nothing of his own share in this, and saying nothing of the great hope he entertained for the lad, felt that he had given him just the start in life which, by his own industry and talent, might lead him safely to the end; but he never guessed the depth of his protégé's gratitude when Owen found that this school to which he was sent was one of the first private schools in Wales, nor with what intense earnestness the lad pursued this new path which his generous patron had opened for him, and which it was such happiness to walk in.

One day a new light broke upon this path for Owen, showing him the track for which he had been unconsciously longing. A friend of Sir Bulkley Gwynne's, who was going abroad, and wanted a secretary and interpreter, heard of Owen's wonderful facility in acquiring languages, and offered to take him. The hermit, always ready and kind, travelled himself to the inland Welsh town, and started Owen off to London, handing him a note for £100, with a few kind words of encouragement, which Owen never forgot through all his life, and telling him that when his engagement was over, if he would like to stay abroad and study, this would give him the power.

To a fisherman's widow who has never been twenty miles from her cottage on the beach, who knows nothing of the world but its vague immensity, and nothing of the sea beyond the shore but its deep treachery, a journey to the Continent was terrible as exile. And so Owen—fearing anxious days and sleepless nights for his mother while she could fancy him upon his journey—would not tell her of his projected departure. Then what a proud and bright astonishment there was in the cottage on the beach when Owen's first letter came from Paris! The mother's eyes had for years been weak and easily tired, but they never tired of reading those loving words, nor did her lips ever tire of kissing them. With the letter there came a portrait, which was tenderly placed in the Bible which had been the father's, and was opened at that page almost every hour of the day. The mother looked upon it as the pictured face of her handsome, loving boy; Sir Bulkley, studying it quietly, read something more than that.

Through France and Germany and Italy went Owen with his patron, perfecting himself in each language with that extraordinary power which seemed born with him, and his patron, returning to England, left him at a German University. Three years after that first letter from abroad had filled the fishing village with a great astonishment, it was to receive a greater one. A handsome, grave-looking gentleman, with kindly, gentle words for all he met, walked from the station to Mrs. Vaughan's cottage, and there put his arms about the slight figure of the little washerwoman and held her to his heart, while she sobbed out aloud in the strength and weakness of her joy. Duddgha, standing by in shy bewilderment, a grave and gentle girl of seventeen, felt the wonderful charm of his face when he turned to take her too within his arms; and, in a cry of gladness, there broke from her the old pet name for him, which had not passed her lips since she was a child, and he had been used to carry her out upon the cliffs and tell her wonderful and beautiful legends of the sea.

Next morning Owen walked up to the great house on the bank, to see, to repay, and once again to thank Sir Bulkley, who, with a genial handshake, eyed him curiously and asked where was the £100.

"Here, sir," said Owen, touching his temples lightly. "You bade me store it here."

And Sir Bulkley, laughing heartily at the thought of receiving the money, felt that the debt had been discharged in the way he best liked.

Now fell the second cloud on Owen's life; a cloud whose lengthening shadow was to reach the end. Before he left Germany he had obtained the appointment of second master at the grammar-school in Vicester, one of the first, if not the very first, in England. And it was whispered that to win this appointment was almost equal to winning the head-mastership, because Dr. Hope was very anxious to resign, and his second master, who would necessarily perform many of his duties temporarily, would stand the best chance of succeeding him. Proudly Owen told his mother and sister this, as he pictured glowingly the cheerful, restful life they should lead with him. Then fell the cloud, darkening at once his loving anticipations. The mother would not leave her cottage on the beach.

"I'm too old a tree to bear such moving, Owen, dear lad," she said. "It would kill me to be set in a new home now; I'd rather tarry where your father lived; no other place would ever be the same to me."

"Not the home which I would make you, mother; where you shall do what you like all day; only being there to make it home for me?"

But his pleading was of no avail, though he never wearied in it.

"You shall not work, then, mother," he said at last, feeling that he must be content with that.

"Not work?" she echoed, as if the prospect was most dreary. "Why, Owen, I should soon be tired of my life—a fretting, idle old woman. No, dear; let your mother live and work just as she has been used to; that's the kindest for her; and Duddgha chooses to bide with me."

So Owen, all his loving dreams faded now, took possession of his solitary rooms, and the pleasure which he might have had in sending his frequent gifts to his mother was destroyed by her oft-expressed wish to have nothing more than she had been used to through her lowly life; nothing more than her boy's cherished letters and her proud knowledge of his goodness.

He lived at first a busy but almost saddened life at Vicester, too deeply studious to make many friends; but at last he found in Dr. Hope's household a sweeter companionship than he had ever dreamed of. A pleasant, genial household was that of the head-master, and here Owen was always made most welcome, liked and respected for himself alone. Dr. Hope, always cordial, was doubly so to Owen, on whose young strength and power he had learned to lean in many ways. Mrs Hope, doubting nothing of the young man's antecedents, because he had been recommended by those who stood high on the world's ladder, encouraged his visits and made them pleasant to him, with that subtle delicate tact which some ladies possess so pre-eminently; and Alice, their only child, greeted him always with her gladdest smile, flushing brightly when she heard his step upon the pavement of the court, as she daily watched for his coming.

But no one saw his eyes gladden in her presence; no one saw his hand tremble when it met hers; for Owen, always remembering the cottage on the beach where his childhood had been spent, and where his mother and sister toiled, kept a close, firm grasp upon the burning hope which sometimes rose within him stronger than his strength, and placed between himself and Alice the shadow of his early poverty; so much the darker from her own frankly-avowed pride and pleasure in her old honorable name.

"It is always well for a man who would attain a good position in any line of life, to have on his side good birth and a good name, followed up of course by an English university education."

So the doctor would say sometimes, and Owen could laughingly argue in favor of the German education, and let the other criticism pass. But though he could so laugh it off at times, the strain was slowly telling upon him, and at his solitary fireside he would make a resolution—bravely enough he could make it there, not to go to the school-house save on rare and necessary occasions; and when the hope of which he was scarcely conscious was mastering him, he would travel to Ferrybank, and again plead with his mother, in the low, dark cottage which grew to seem more and more gloomy to him on each visit. Still no pleading, even of his, availed.

"But, mother, if you will not come with me," supplicated Owen, "let me find you another home. You shall choose where; it shall be in this very spot, if you like; only let it be free from gloom and discomfort."

But the mother pleaded in her turn to be left where she was happiest; and silenced once more, Owen sought to beautify the place a little by his generous gifts. But no; these made no difference in the poor dwelling. All the money that he sent his mother was put sacredly away. "When I am gone, Duddgha," she said to her daughter, "you will find it all untouched, and you may want it then."

II.

It was Christmas Eve, and Owen was to dine at the school-house. He entered the long, warm room just as Alice, with her hands full of flowers, came in from the green-house. While they lingered together arranging the flowers, she wooed him on to talk of what she felt he loved, and knowing that home would be near his heart this Christmas time, asked him of his mother and his sister.

"I never like to mention your sister's name, Mr. Vaughan," she said, "because I do not know how to pronounce it. I have seen it in a book of yours, but I never heard you say it."

The color mounted slowly to Owen's brow, for something in Alice's gentle words sounded like a rebuke.

"We pronounce it Duthga," he said; "it is an odd name, is it not? But it looks worse than it sounds."

"I like the sound of it," Alice answered. "I think I should know your sister if I saw her, Mr. Vaughan, though I do not fancy her like you; no girl could have your kind of face. Is she as tall as—I am?"

"No," answered Owen, smiling a little as he pictured the two girls—one in her plain calico gown, singing to herself as she stood ironing in the cottage kitchen, and the other as she stood beside him now in her soft velvet dress, with the delicate fern and crimson rose-bud in its bosom.

"Is she as fond of flowers as I am?" asked Alice, guessing nothing of these thoughts.

"I cannot tell," said Owen, watching the white fingers as they touched caressingly the brilliant petals, "for she has not such flowers as these within her reach."

"There are some beautiful ferns to be found at Tenby," said Alice, in quick fear lest she had hurt him. "Papa and I have found some choice ones near there. Does she know, I wonder? because—because your home is not far from Tenby, you once told me."

The girl's voice grew unconsciously a little wistful as she spoke, remembering how seldom he had told her anything of his home, or of those whom she felt he loved so dearly; but just then her father called Owen into his study, and she was left to wonder. She had a misty impression, though she could not tell how gathered, that his mother did not like society, and that her daughter could not leave her; but she knew that Owen had never definitely told her even this.

"Does he think I would not care to hear, or does he not care for me enough to speak to me of those he loves? I think they must be very, very good," she sighed, letting the flowers drop from her listless hands, "and I seem shallow and flippant to him, and I vex him almost every time we talk together. Even those few words I said about the flowers pained him somehow. I wish I knew how; I wish—I suppose women can never be deep and real and true, just quite like men. I wish I didn't care. I wish I hadn't said it."

And suddenly and pettishly she swept the flowers away, as if the sight and scent were painful to her.

But Alice had forgotten this passing cloud before the long and cheerful dinner was over. The servants had left the room, when Owen, sitting next to Alice and listening happily to her bright voice, felt a sudden chill creep in upon the scene. The words of one of the doctor's guests struck upon his quick, keen ear.

"Much as I want a tutor in my school before next term, I could not engage Leslie, because he cannot have been brought up a gentleman. His father, I hear, was a village tradesman. But what looks particularly bad is that he does not tell me the fact himself. In many ways he would undoubtedly suit the post. He is gentlemanly-looking, and speaks well, besides having testimonials of the highest class. Still, there is that insuperable objection."

"Insuperable," muttered the doctor, assentingly. "I would not entertain the idea. What do you think, Vaughan?"

"If," said Owen, taking a long time to peel an atom of walnut, and looking down upon it very intently, "if his words and acts, as well as his appearance, are those of a gentleman, I cannot see what difference is left for his birth to make. One can but look and act and speak as a gentleman, let one's birth be the noblest in the land; and if we miss none of these things in each other, what need have we to question further?"

"You speak warmly, Vaughan. In my place you evidently would engage this son of a village shopkeeper to help to educate noblemen and gentlemen's sons."

"We men do not often question each other on our birth and early life," said Owen, "and do not often volunteer to talk of it unquestioned. Then will it never be that we may judge men by what we find them—respect or despise them, not according to the rank they bear, but according to the part they act?"

"Better in theory than in practice, Vaughan," said Dr. Hope lightly. "Still, my objection is the want of truthfulness at starting."

"Many of our highest families," said Alice, "have been founded by one man who has risen from the people, and they are proud to trace back to such an one. Why, because we are his contemporaries, should we scorn him for it?"

"Suppose," said Owen, glancing rapidly into Alice's face, while his heart beat gratefully for her words, "suppose, Dr. Hope, that one of your own masters had come to live among you, of lower birth even than this candidate you speak of, and had told you nothing of his antecedents, feeling that if he were suitable for the post, that was all, and that if he were not, you would soon discover it; suppose you had liked him and associated freely with him, giving him a welcome always in your house, and had then discovered his history—should you blame him for his silence?"

"Blame him!" echoed the doctor hotly. "I should turn my back upon him promptly, I assure you, were he the finest scholar in England."

Slowly and darkly the color rose in Owen's face. "That is the general opinion I suppose," he said; and Alice was not the only one who noticed the tone of pain in his voice.

"What should you do yourself, Mr. Vaughan?" asked Mrs. Hope merrily. "Come, next to the doctor himself, you are the one most likely to be placed in such a position."

"I think," said Owen quietly, "that I should merely care what the man himself might be. It would signify as little to me what his father had been as what his son would be years and years afterward."

"Wait until some one imposes upon you," returned the doctor. "He would not like it, would he, Alice?" he added, laughing up at her as she rose to follow her mother.

Eagerly Owen waited for her answer.

"I do not think a really low-born man could succeed in such an imposture, papa," she carelessly said, "even if he tried."

The Christmas mirth had all died out of Owen's eyes when he joined Alice again, and her shy, kind words could not bring it back; neither did their memory bring a tender smile to his lips when he recalled them afterward.

"I will not go again. I will live my life apart from theirs," he said, as he walked wearily through the silent streets to meet the midnight train. "A friendship with deceit for its foundation cannot last. It is better it should grow no deeper than it is. Heaven knows it clings too closely about my heart to-night."

In love and quietness that Christmas Day was spent by Owen in his mother's cottage on the shore, but never had the want of comfort in his old home struck him with such a weight of suffering. "Yet," he said, "it would have been better to have known no life but this, rather than be living two, so far apart."

Once more he urged his old entreaty; once more and never so ardently as now; but still she gave the one answer which he could not neglect. No; she was happier so. And, with a kiss, she bade him leave her there because it was better for her.

"But, mother, take my gifts," he cried, the words wrung from him in his deep heart-loneliness, and in his longing for the consciousness that his life-work was not utterly useless, and benefited no one. "Take my gifts, mother, and let me feel that I am not working and living in vain."

"Dear, there are plenty of other uses for your money," she answered, her voice a little broken now to see his bitter earnestness. "But none so sweet to me," he said in eager dissent.

"There soon will be, dear lad," she whispered, "even if it is not so already."

Then the mother, all unlearned though she was, could read the face she loved and seeing there a trouble which she vaguely understood, she took the tired head within her arms, and wept and whispered over it, as if those far-back days had come again when the mother's arms were all the heaven he knew. That was the last time Owen urged his old request, that was the last time the grave eyes found that sweet relief of tears upon a mother's breast.

III.

Well and bravely Owen had kept his resolution; while Alice, from the sombre rooms of the old school-house, listened in vain for the familiar step upon the pavement, waited in vain for the old clasp of the slight, firm fingers, hungered in vain for the old pleasure her coming ever gave. And he? He performed his old tasks just as he had performed them always.

As the spring came on, she drooped and pined so sadly that they said she needed the sea-air, and they begged her to accept the invitation of an old school friend who had lately married and gone from her home in Scotland to stay with her husband's relations on the Welsh coast.

"It is to Llanvriar I am going, Mr. Vaughan," said Alice, a little wearily, as she told Owen of her approaching departure, while he stood steadily before her, looking into her pale face. "Papa says he thinks I shall be close to your home. May I take anything for you? Is there anything I can do?"

No; there was nothing, he told her, speaking with cold, tight lips, while his heart grew hot and wild with rebellion as he thought how, if his home had been different, Alice would have brightened it now for his sake. And so they parted, with a simple hand-shake.

While Alice was at Llanvriar there was a concert given by the patrons of the Ferrybank school. One of the singers, a pretty, grave-looking girl of about twenty, struck Alice particularly.

"It almost seems to me as if I had seen her before," she said to Mr. Gwynne, her host, "and yet I know I have not. I have not even seen any one very like her, and yet something in her eyes, I think, seems familiar to me. Who is she?"

"She is supposed to be rather a peculiar girl," was the answer; "yet no one knows why, unless to be good and helpful to one's mother is peculiar; perhaps they think so in Ferrybank, for it isn't a very common failing there. She has a brother, though, who is peculiar, really; a specimen of that rare wild plant Genius, a specimen no one would expect to find drifted into a wretched fisher cabin on our shore. He was one of my uncle's protégés. I wish Sir Bulkley were at home now that you might ask about him. My uncle is so proud to rehearse his career. I believe he is doing excellently now, in England, and I suppose he deserves it, for he studied like any old don you like to mention, Miss Hope."

"Did he?" asked Alice, but little interested. "Please tell me what is this girl's name."

"Duddgha Vaughan. Her mother is a washerwoman, and lives in one of those desolate cabins on the shore, in the very midst of the fish odors; a lasting disgrace, I think—though I dare not say so to Sir Bulkley—to the son, who lives in abundance himself and leaves his mother and sister to earn their own livelihood in such a hole. You can see the cottage from our windows. I will show it you; such a poor place it is."

"What?"

The word came from Alice in a whisper, and seeing she was anxious to hear, Mr. Gwynne told her his version of Owen's story; while the words crept into her icy heart, and the music to which she had come to listen died unheard.

That Owen should have been her truest friend for two years—her nearest and first friend, she repeated to herself, the flush of anger and mortification rushing into her face at the thought—only to give her this pain at last!

Day after day at that window of the house upon the wooded bank which overlooked the fishing hamlet, and from which Alice could see the thatched cottage standing alone upon the beach, the girl would sit in a listless, dreamy pain. Could it be true? Could it all be true? Could that be Owen's home? Then she would drop her work or book, and rise and gaze upon the cottage in a wondering, anxious doubt which yet could not prevent the longing tenderness shining in her eyes, so proud

and yet so true. Could that be Owen's home? Could Owen's mother labor there, while he was living in ease and luxury far away? Could it be true? So the thoughts hotly ran, while yet—though Alice did not know it—the very truth of her fear was plain in her eyes while she gazed and gazed down upon Owen's house.

"I think I will go over just once and see his mother," she said to herself over and over again during her stay at Llanvrier; but a strange, new feeling of shame, which she blushed to recognize, prevented her.

Alice had been back at home a week or more, when Owen Vaughan came voluntarily once more to the school-house. Dr. and Mrs. Hope were both out, and Alice sat alone. The familiar step, for which she had so often listened, was close behind her now, yet she never turned. How could she turn while that light—half of anger, but half of passionate affection—burned in her eyes? He sat beside her, grave and gentle as of old, but there was a new tone in his voice when he told her the story of his life, a new longing in his face when he told her how he loved her. In a few simple words he told her, but these words she saw were uttered from his heart, and their truth and earnestness were like the truth and earnestness of prayer.

"I have determined many times that I would never utter these words to you, Alice," he said. "I have struggled long and hard against temptation, but it has mastered me at last. Before you went away, looking so frail, I almost broke my resolution. But when you came back, still looking weak and ill, and when I found you cold and strange to me, I said, 'I will listen to nothing now but my own heart. I will tell her the story of my early life, and then how fervently I have loved her and must love her always. I will tell her both these things, and leave my fate in her hands.' Alice, I read my answer in your face. You disdain this love of mine. You send me from you, and it will be hard to trust or hope in any one again. Wait; do not say it yet. I thought I had prepared myself, but the darkness falls so suddenly."

But Alice did say it. She told him she disdained the love he offered, and told him so in cold and scornful words which were to come back to her afterward with the crushing weight with which they fell upon his heart. And he watched the young, fresh lips from which the cruel words were falling, as if he were struggling to awake from some desolate dream.

"You tell me this story of your childhood, Mr. Vaughan," she ended, with chilling slowness, "because you rightly guess that I heard it before I returned. It is an unnecessary to tell it to me at all now, as it is unnecessary to tell me of the imagined love that was built upon deceit."

The shadows darkening his eyes as he turned them slowly from hers, frightened her, and she dared not glance at him as he sat in that deathly silence, his chest heaving with violent emotion.

"If you were capable of such love as you speak of," she went on, with cutting emphasis, in his long silence, "would your own mother and sister be toiling in poverty, while you are living among us as a gentleman?"

"Hush!" he said, slowly, as he rose, with a suppressed passion in his steadfast eyes. "You have said enough to kill my hope; more than you will care to recall in the years to come. Only in rare, sweet moments have I ever dreamed that you would accept my love when you knew all, whatever you may have been to me before; but I never dreamed that from your lips could come such words of cruel contempt. I will say nothing of their truth or falsehood. It is enough for me that you can believe them."

The spring sunshine still streamed through the old window, but it touched the white, brave face no longer. The slow step died below upon the pavement, and as each echo fell heavily on Alice's heart, she longed to cry aloud.

"If I had been prepared," she sighed wearily, "or if I had really been what he has thought me, I should have—have said it differently."

"I think mother," she whispered that evening, when her mother wondered at her wan face, "it would do me good to go back to Llanvrier for a little time. I promised to do so if I could. Will you let me go at once?"

So the next morning Alice went.

IV.

A little of the old color had come back to Alice's cheek, and a little of the old lightness to her step before she had been many days at Llanvrier. But she knew it was not the sea air only which had brought them back. Sir Bulkley Gwynne was at home now, and on the very first evening of her arrival she had heard Owen's story from him. Thinking over this story as the generous old squire had told it, Alice felt a great change had come over all her thoughts of Owen.

"When I go home again," she mused in silent happiness, "I shall see him and speak to him once more. And then, perhaps—" The words died here; but it was plain that Alice, though she had longed to come, was looking forward already to this going home. And more than ever now she stood beside the window overlooking Ferrybank, and gazed with anxious, loving eyes on Owen's home.

"It strikes me, Miss Hope," remarked Mr. Gwynne, coming up to her at this window one day, "that you are not to leave Llanvrier without seeing a storm at sea. You say you have never seen one in your life."

"Never," answered Alice, shuddering unconsciously.

"Well, I think my uncle's prognostic of this evening is likely to be verified; he always dreads this south west wind. I am going across to Ferrybank to see how things are looking, for the gale increases fast and threatens to be violent."

"Is there a life-boat on the coast?" asked Alice, late that night, when she and Mrs. Gwynne sat listening to the wind as it rumbled through the trees, and moaned of its own dark deeds upon the sea.

"Yes; it was one of Sir Bulkley's generous gifts to Ferrybank, and many a life has been saved already. We have one of the ablest crews in Britain, so we always say, ready to go out at a minute's notice. Don't look so frightened, dear. Shall we go to bed?"

"Oh, no!" pleaded Alice; "let us wait for Mr. Gwynne. It is too terrible a night for sleep or rest."

So they waited in the cheerful light and warmth, very silent and subdued, and sitting close together, except when Alice, in her great fear, rose and opened the shutters to look out through the splashed panes into the blackness of the tempestuous night. A night, indeed, it was, "on which the bounds of heaven and earth were lost." As she stood so, there flashed before her a sudden, rapid light, darting upward for an instant and then gone. Alice knew it came from a vessel in distress, and with a cry of fear she threw open the window, bending her head against the wind, while the foam rushed up into her eyes. The solemn roar of the waters on the beach was heard beyond the thunder and the wind and rain, and the lightning flashing swiftly over the angry sea, showed her for one moment the high and heavy line of surf. With a prayer upon her lips for those tossed helplessly upon the sea to-night, she closed the window and the shutters. Then the two friends sat quite still together, waiting and longing for the morning.

Down upon the shore at Ferrybank a breathless, eager crowd had gathered, leaning hard against the wind, and blinded by the spray which dashed in showers to the wild shore. Gazing, gazing out into the darkness which hid the hungry sea, they waited while the wide doors of the life-boat house were unlocked and the great boat wheeled down to brave the storm. Amid all the mightier sounds Sir Bulkley Gwynne's voice rose clear and sharp, as, watching the trained crew take down their life-belts, he counted them rapidly.

"One is missing—Hughes! Where is Hughes?"

No one had seen Hughes, but half a hundred voices called his name now.

"His place must be supplied," the squire shouted, sharply and distinctly. "We dare not delay one second."

A young man, who had been active and prompt in his help, came into the light of the lamp which Sir Bulkley held.

"I am ready, Sir Bulkley; let me go. You know that an oar is no new toy to me. If you refuse me, I shall take out my father's boat. Listen! Could I stay upon the shore here while the drowning plead for help? In the rocket's light I saw the life-boat from the brig put out, and I know it could not pull through such a sea as this. Let me go, Sir Bulkley."

As he spoke, the baronet, raising the lamp which he was placing in the boat, saw in his face the steady bravery which was so plain in his low, quick tones.

"Vaughan! I did not know you were here. I trust you in this as I have trusted you before. Go, if you think it well."

"Thank God!" said Owen, softly, as the squire wrung his hand.

Amid the cries and prayers of the excited crowd, the strong, swift boat put out upon the dangerous surf, and all eyes followed its light, as it rose and fell upon the waves, and slowly neared that other faint white light which glowed on the masthead of the struggling vessel.

Only five miles from shore the brig would be, and now and then distinctly seen in the sudden blazing of the rockets; yet how the lights reeled and tossed and would not meet!

"Sir Bulkley, I've been ill for weeks, sir"—the one member of the crew, who had been absent when the life-boat started, came panting breathlessly upon the scene—"but I saw the rockets, and I couldn't lie upon my bed and leave my place here empty."

"The boat is out on its duty, Hughes," the baronet answered, a little sternness in his voice, though he marked pityingly the man's pained breathing. "Your place is filled by one who will do his duty even to death."

"It shouldn't have been Owen Vaughan though," said Hughes, when the bystanders had told him of the launch. "His arms haven't been in lately for that sort of work, and they say that, two or three years ago, he was forbidden to use an oar. What could induce him to go when he knew that? Ah, there! see how she rides that heavy sea—God bless her!"

V.

The waves sobbed gently and softly, tired of the passionate unrest of their long night; and, gazing upon them with wide and tearless eyes, as if their mellow plash bewildered her, Alice stood again at that window from which she could see Owen's cottage home.

It was quite late in the morning when Mr. Gwynne returned to tell of the scene upon the sea-shore last night.

"After all I'm thankful to tell you only one accident occurred," he said, wondering at the depth and sadness of Alice's sympathy, "but it was a painful one indeed. That young Vaughan, of whom my uncle told you so much, Miss Hope, happened to be at his mother's cottage—came only yesterday or the day before—and he volunteered to take one place in the life-boat, begged for it, indeed. Splendidly he handled his oar, so all the crew say, and was untiring in all he could do for the rescued. Strong and brave and ready, they said; and if you knew them you would understand what that means. Whether it was only that he worked too hard, or whether he hurt himself in some way, is not known, but when he tried to land he fell upon the beach. I helped to carry the poor fellow into his mother's cottage, and I shall not soon forget her face as it met his. The doctors talk of paralysis of the heart, and they say he must have known that such a task as he undertook last night would probably kill him. He had been warned in Germany, it seems. I'm glad to say they have not told the mother this, for they had before told her how he entreated my uncle to send him; and how could she reconcile the two facts?"

Every word entered deeply into Alice's sore heart, and when all had been told, one thought and longing held her. Alone and unobserved she slipped away and hurried to the river. The old ferryman was busy enough this morning; the boat had been ceaselessly plying its way to and fro since day-break. Eagerly Alice listened to the voices around her as she was pulled across, for all were talking of the storm, and all spoke Owen's name.

When she reached the opposite shore, she walked on rapidly among the spars of the lost vessel and over the dismal line of drift-ed sea-weed, to that cottage on the beach, in which she knew that Owen lay. For a moment she felt she must be mistaken, because no crowd had gathered here, but one glance around showed her a group of people whispering together at a short distance, and unconsciously thanking them in her heart for the silent respect thus shown, she knocked softly at the half-closed door.

"I am an old friend of Mr. Vaughan's," said Alice very softly, as she looked appealingly into the face of Owen's sister. "May I see him?"

Daddgha's eyes, swollen and tired with weeping, fixed themselves for a moment wonderingly upon the lady who said this; a lady with a beautiful pale face and eyes as tired as her own, quietly and simply dressed, yet elegant as few visitors at the gloomy cottage had ever looked to the girl before. Without answering, she led Alice into the kitchen, and then stood in hesitation beside the window, where a bunch of primroses and wild white violets drooped as if they felt the sorrow of the house.

"My brother is very, very ill," she whispered; every word uttered in keenest pain. "Do you think you had better see him?"

"Yes, oh yes, if I may," replied Alice, her voice most earnest and entreating.

Without another word, Daddgha walked on noiselessly to an inner room; gently drew her weeping mother from the bedside, and stood aside for Alice to pass in.

The end was very, very near. Alice saw that, even in her first yearning gaze.

"Owen!" she cried. But she could say no other word, and only fell upon her knees beside the bed, and looked at him with all her heart surging in her eyes.

"Alice, once more together," he whispered, and the look upon his face was one of perfect peace, no agony and no regret. "Together at the end. The distance that lay between us, dear, is all travelled now."

Kneeling there in the presence of the great Leveller, and looking back upon her life and his, Alice felt how slight had been this distance of which he spoke, yet how impossible to pass it now. The barrier which had stood between them when she felt herself above him had been raised by her own hand, she owned, with a sobbing pain at her heart. Now, with that wonderful glory on his face, he stood immeasurably above her; and this barrier was from the hand of God.

And still she could not speak to him one word; only her eyes, so full of love and pain and penitence, told all.

His two kind friends were with him at the end. Old Dr. Hope, who had only the day before received the short, sad letter in which Owen told his story and resigned his appointment in the grammar-school, was in time to tell him, with dim eyes, how he had come himself on purpose to tempt him back to the place he had filled so well; and Sir Bulkley Gwynne was there too, walking quietly in the other room, and muttering that the sunshine on the water dazzled him.

The eyes upon the pillow, bright with unutterable happiness, read the yearning love upon those faces gathered in the silent room, and read it in that highest light which made all clear.

Softly, through the open doorway, came the soothing murmur of the sea. Away in the wide blue above the open windows, a lark's song faltered toward the unreached heaven. The only shadow on the bright spring noon was the hushed shadow of the outspread wings.

MY LION.

For the first time in my life—nearly seventeen years and a quarter—I was alone in the wide, wide world—to be precise, in that bit of it which lies between the Paddington station and Bath. I had all but missed the train, so that my uncle had only time to hurry me into a first-class carriage, wherein a solitary lady was already seated, and to give me a solemn injunction to get Aunt Margery to telegraph when I "turned up all right," before the train flashed away.

"All right!" Of course I should be all right! I should think, at seventeen and nearly a quarter, I might be trusted to take care of myself during a three hours' journey, the more so as my uncle had "put me in at one end," and my aunt would "take me out at the other."

As soon as I had arranged myself and my belongings comfortably in my corner, I took a survey of my fellow-passenger—a grim iron gray old woman in an exasperating bonnet, who was looking, not daggers—that is much too pointed and brilliant a simile—but rusty nails of the jaggedest description, at my poor little hat; such an attractive one as it was too, with the most piquant little wax-wing imaginable brooding over it with outstretched wings. For my part, I think, when one has a pretty face, it is wicked to spoil it by a dowdy hat. I should have attracted much more attention if I had worn an exasperating extinguisher, like my fellow traveller's, with an aggravating bow at the top—and besides, Tom would not have liked it.

I was rapidly losing my temper—it was too provoking. Here was somebody evidently just as ready to find fault and take care of me as anybody at home. My only comfort was a hope that she might get out at the next station, or at all events at some distance from Bath. Ah, how little I knew what was coming, or I should have felt glad to have had her glaring twice as grimly from the opposite seat!

"Travelling alone?"

"Yes." What an unnecessary question, I thought.

"You are much too young and pretty to be permitted to do so."

I meekly answered that my youth and prettiness were "faults" over which I had no control, and hinted at the possibility that time might be expected to cure both, if only I lived long enough.

She smiled—yes, really; not a bad smile, either.

"While waiting for that, you should have somebody to take care of you."

"Take care of me!" I exclaimed, with a little shudder of disgust. "I am quite able to take care of myself—indeed, I am tired of being taken care of! I am almost worn out. Besides, I have been at two garden parties, and have long left the school-room" (with dignity.)

"My dear, the school-room would be the best place for you for the next half-dozen years. I must leave you at the next station, but I will tell the guard to look after you. You will learn in time how good a thing it is to be cared for. Una without her lion would never get safely through this world."

The train stopped; I helped her to gather all her bags and rugs.

"Good-bye, my dear; your little face has made the day look brighter to an old woman; so you have my leave to keep it unchanged as long as you can;" and she actually patted my cheek with a kind old hand as she passed out.

I watched her take her place in a little basket carriage that was waiting for her—watched the old bald headed man-servant stand, hat in hand, evidently giving her all the story of life at home in her absence—and felt sorry, as I returned her good-bye nod, when the carriage moved out of sight down a shady country road. I followed her in fancy to a flowery country home, where I felt sure that she lived amidst old servants, quaint furniture, and old pet dogs, cats, and birds. How little I then thought that one day I should— But I forget; we must not anticipate, as real authors say—that must come in its own place; I had not even seen Tom then.

The train had stopped at a quiet little station, and was just beginning to move on past the roses and hollyhocks, when the door suddenly swung open, and a man jumped in. One glance satisfied me that he would not improve on acquaintance. Tom has told me since that he was a "cad;" and, if a "cad" is an odious, vulgar, red-haired person with unwashed hands covered with coarse rings, a sky-blue satin tie, and an overpowering odor of bad tobacco—I know the difference quite well, for Tom never smokes any but the very best Manilas, and I quite enjoy the smell—then most decidedly he was rightly designated.

I saw all this at a single glance, as one does sometimes, and bent steadily over my book, wishing that the door which would bring me to dear Aunt Margery was over. Presently I was reading something so amusing that I had forgotten everything besides. The train had left the little station far behind, and was going at full speed, when suddenly a horrid voice close to my ear made me start, and I looked up to see the "cad's" hideous face close to mine—such a wicked leering face!

"Take off that veil miss; I am sure a whiff of fresh air will do you good. This carriage is awful muggy"—that was the creature's very expression—"muggy!" "Besides, it's desperate bad for your eyes to read through that speckled stuff."

Without replying I bent my head lower over my book, but the letters were getting confused, and my heart was beating with fright.

"Poor little thing! Deaf is she?" and he took the seat opposite and leaned across, so that I had to shrink into my corner to avoid his touch. Poor little Una needed her lion now.

"Bad for the eyes, miss; and such shiners as yours are too good to be wasted on that stupid book. Give a fellow a peep at them;" and his great red hand advanced toward my veil.

I could only cower into my corner with a great cry of terror—one hopeless call on "Uncle," knowing the while how far away he was, and how unconscious of his poor little Polly's trouble.

In putting up his hand to my veil the man touched me, and the touch, slight as it was, roused a fury of anger such as I had never felt before, and I hope I shall never feel again; it gave me back my voice.

"You shall not! How dare you! You must not touch me—uncle will kill you!"

The man laughed at my puny rage.

"Kill me for taking care of you! If he does not wish others to fill his place, he should look after you better, and not send you out alone. I tell you, you had better be civil, or—"

He drew out a large clasp knife as he spoke, and began deliberately to open it, looking at me all the while. It was come at last; I should never—never see home again! One flash of thought, which seemed in a second to take in all my past, with its little discontents, naughtinesses and great happiness—my aunt's anguish when she found me lying dead, uncle's opening of the telegram which would bring the news—the darkened home, the broken hearts which would surely carry till they died the remembrance of the dreadful fate of their wilful, but oh! their loving darling—all this occurred so vividly to me that, with a cry for help to Heaven, I fell at the man's feet and entreated him not to kill me.

"Kill you! I thought it was your uncle who was to kill me! Bless your little heart, I am going to take care of you. You look pale. Now didn't you come off in too great a hurry to have time for breakfast? Have a bit of luncheon"—stooping to take a black bag from under the seat. "I always go about provided with something good. I'm a soft-hearted boy, I am, and never see a fine young woman suffer if I can help it. Peck a bit now—do; you have a hungry look."

What should I—must I—do? I sat up, and said, as steadily as I could choking back the tears—for I could not cry before him—"I am not hungry; I will not eat. Do not speak to me any more. You must not—I am a lady."

"A lady! I know that. Do you think I'd be so good to you if you were not? I know a lady when I see her—and a hungry lady, too, I knew you was. Come, peck a bit. Don't be bashful."

By this time he had unlocked the bag and taken from it—yes, it may appear improbable—but oh! it is dreadfully true—a turnip—a great unboiled turnip—a turnip still covered with the soil of the field from which the wretch had taken it! He began to scrape and pare it while I looked on.

Was he mad? I would try to please him, and do as he wished, and then perhaps he would not hurt me. I should soon be with my aunt now; and at that thought I felt the tears coming again, but opened my eyes widely and bit my lips hard—the tears must not fall. I crushed them back, and sat watching my companion till having pared the turnip to his satisfaction, he cut off a thick slice and handed it to me. Raw turnip! And touched by those fingers!

"Come, take it, my beauty—a peach ripe and downy as your own cheek. Peaches is dear, too, this season; but I give no heed to that. If so be as I find a pretty girl to eat 'em, I don't grudge the money. Come peck away; or do you want me to feed you? No, you shan't have it without 'Thank you.' After all my trouble, that ain't manners," with a significant look at the knife.

"Thank you!" I said, eagerly. I took the slice of turnip—I began to eat it—yes, I ate it all, every mouthful making me feel more ill. Another slice was offered; I took it, and began to eat, but my throat seemed to be closing—I could not swallow.

"Come, finish it. Good, ain't it? The ladies are always fond of a bit of fruit. Don't be bashful—I have something here for you to wash it down. Nothing like a drop of brandy to make it agree with you;" and he touched the neck of a black bottle which stuck out of his pocket.

What would become of me? I had once seen a dreadful woman for a few minutes at home—a new cook she was, who was—oh, so frightful! Nurse told me that she had taken brandy and was drunk. I had thought her mad. If he made me drink it, and if, when Aunt Margery found me, I—but no, this I would not do; he might kill me first! I went on eating the turnip, and all the while I prayed earnestly for rescue. Was my prayer answered? The train began to slacken its speed—it stopped; but there was no station in sight—I think it was a siding, or something of that kind.

At the side of the carriage where I was sitting there was a sleeper back which shut out all hope; at the other side were several lines of rail; beyond was the open country. In an instant my torturer was at my window; with an oath he commanded me to "be still, and stay where I was." I heard some one pass, and in reply to a question, I suppose, say that we had been shunted to allow a special train to go by—it would pass in three minutes. I called, but very faint I am afraid, for no one answered, and the "cad" turned on me so fiercely that I dared not try again.

The special train swept by, but I hardly saw it—my eyes, my whole soul were fastened on the figure of a man who just then came down the green bank which was at some distance. I pressed my face to the glass; which way would he take? He stood for a moment, and then slowly, lazily sauntered toward me. The glass was up—my only hope was that he would pass close and see me, for I was past calling or moving now. I noted every trifling detail of his figure and dress; he was a tall, broad shouldered gentleman, dressed in light gray, young, and with a long golden beard; even the carnation in his button-hole I observed, and the strength and careless ease of his figure as he lounged along. He stopped to whistle to his dogs, and then again strolled on, idly twirling his cane.

I do not know what kind of face was pressed to the glass on my side—it was a wild and scared one I am sure; but in another minute a pair of great, merry blue eyes carelessly glanced up in passing, and were startled into earnestness by the eyes they encountered; the whistle soon led, but, even as it did, a strong hand was on the door-handle, the door was wrenched open, the train moved on—he was beside me. I was safe!

I don't know what happened then. My deliverer says that I cried, and held one of his hands tight in both of mine; but that I don't believe. In the first place, we had never been introduced, and, in the second, two of his fingers are as much as my two hands can contain at once. I know, when I grew calmer, that I found him taking care of me, and that I did not dislike it as much as one might have expected. I don't remember how I told him all; I suppose the turnip and knife, which still lay on the seat, helped me a little; but I do know that he told me "not to be frightened, for he would not throw the scoundrel from the window as he deserved"—and he looked so fierce and so strong that I could imagine it was a habit of his to throw scoundrels from windows, and that he rather liked it. What he did was to take the creature by the collar, and force him down on his knees, in spite of his piteous protestations that "he never meant to hurt the lady—it was only a lark; he would not have done it for a ten pun note, not if he had known."

"Hold your tongue. Swallow this, and think yourself lucky to escape six months on the treadmill. For the lady's sake I will not prosecute you, and I'll not break every bone in your body, as I should like to do, as it might annoy her to see it done. But you'll eat this to the last morsel—mind and all! I should say it is not the only dirt you will have to swallow in your life! Down with it!" And when the last atom had disappeared, my deliverer, with a parting shake, flung the creature into a corner, where he lay till the train stopped, and turned to "take care" of me again.

I almost shrank from the stern face to which I now raised my eyes, but it softened in a moment, and I lay back in my corner, and rested silently and thankfully, while he interposed his broad shoulders between me and the other end of the carriage, till the train again stopped and I saw Aunt Margery's dear old face on the platform.

I am sure that she wondered at the eagerness of my clasp, and at my face, which I felt was still white and scared; I made a little motion toward my deliverer, but could not speak a word. He said a few words, and gave his card to my aunt, who accepted it and the situation as graciously as she does everything, but looked rather anxious to get me safely to the carriage and home, and in five minutes we were driving away.

"What did he do for you, darling?"

"Oh, he was so strong and so good to me—and he made him eat the whole turnip, auntie!"

"The whole turnip! You are ill, Polly. Come, we won't talk or think of it now;" and she quieted and petted me, evidently thinking that I had lost my wits; until I was lying on the sofa in her dressing room, able to tell her all.

Well, that was my first and only attempt at "taking care of myself." I never want to try to do so again; Tom takes care of me now—of course you understand it was he who came to my deliverance. Aunt wrote to him that very evening and my father came down from London next morning on purpose to call on and thank him; then Tom called, and so—and so—the end of my story, or perhaps I should say the real beginning of it, is that I am his wife now.

At first I did think it a pity that my husband should be only "Tom," when I had always intended to marry at least three syllables, as I am merely "Polly;" but now I think Tom the most charming name in the world, and would not change it.

I have only one thing more to tell. The odd old lady with the disgreeable bonnet is Tom's aunt. I am writing this in her house, which is just what I had fancied it—and she is the dearest and kindest old woman in England.

"Una has found her Lion," she says.

I don't think I am much like Una; but Tom is a darling old Lion, with his tawny beard and splendid strength, on which his little wife loves to lean. I hear him calling "Polly!" from the lawn, where he lies lazily, puffing his cigar under the cedar; and, as he can growl on occasion, if I keep his majesty waiting too long, I had better go."

A Love Story.

Tom was a strapping, healthy boy, with a great appetite. He lived up in the mountains among the charcoal burners until he was nineteen. Then he went down into the valley and hired out to a farmer. Tom was a nondescript and a drudge, and the first month the farmer hesitated to trust even the hogs to his care. But there was a glimmering of something in him that showed just a little through his uncouthness. After a year or two he became a full farm laborer—a broad shouldered, deep chested, powerful fellow, who made himself clumsily useful. Well, about that time the farmer's daughter came home from school. What a revelation she was to Tom. He never knew until then what it was to worship anything, nor how awkward and coarse he was. He would have given all he had, which wasn't much, to learn how to get into a room without hitting the door, or what to do with his hands, or how to sit down right. He began to change his clothes for better ones when he came in from the day's work, and there was about him the dawning of improvement. Finally the great day came. He stood trembling before the farmer's daughter, the hard word was spoken, and she didn't repulse him. I think there is nothing in the life of a man which so rouses and stirs him as love. Tom went to the wrestling matches, and what a vim there was in him. He read, he went to church, he wanted to see how people acted. And when after a good life he grew to be an old man, and talked in a trembling voice to his grandchildren, he used to say, "Oh, what a wife she was to me. Whatever I became she made me." The world is full of just such instances of blessed influence.

Don't Spoil a Sneeze.

The Springfield (Mass) Republican says: "One may be pardoned for sneezing under any circumstances. In view of the experience of a woman from this city in Westfield, recently. Being in company, and attempting to suppress a sneeze, she felt a queer sensation in the left side of her face, which soon began swelling and drawing out of shape. A physician was called, but by the time he arrived her mouth and the left side of her face had become drawn up, disfiguring her so that her most intimate friends could scarcely recognize her features, while she found it impossible to close her left eye. The physicians say it is a kind of paralysis, caused by the great effort she made in suppressing the sneeze, and give but faint hopes that her features will ever resume their natural appearance. She is now in this city seeking medical advice."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE ITALIAN GIRL. By KATHARINE SEDGWICK WASHBURN. Author of "Ida." Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA TRADE DIRECTORY. Published by Howard Challen, Philadelphia.

In order to advise publishers, booksellers, stationers and newsdealers throughout the United States respecting the facilities our publishers and manufacturers have for supplying books, stationery and fancy goods, Mr. HOWARD CHALLEN has published a Directory of Philadelphia, in which the resources of all our leading publishing and manufacturing houses are fully described, and all branches of business connected with the trade are arranged, classified, and their specialty mentioned.

The Display of Fruits at the International Exhibition.

The American Pomological Society, at its last meeting in Boston, adjourned to meet in Philadelphia in September of 1876, and Mr. Wilder, on behalf of the society, has promised to make a display of fruits at the Centennial such as the world has never seen, and with our climate, producing every description of fruits, from those of the extreme North to the far South and the tropics, he will redeem his promise, and show to the pomologists of the Old World the apple and pear growing side by side with the orange, fig, almond, and olive, and the foreign grape growing luxuriantly in open culture, and producing more wine to the acre than the most favored localities in the Old World.

☞ Here is a tale which may encourage those who are in search of lost or hidden treasure and which may also have a reviving effect upon the American heirs of estates in England valued at from $75 000 000 to $100 000 000, be the same more or less. In the township of King, thirty miles north of Toronto, fourteen years ago, an old lady died making unintelligible signs toward an immense chest. A few days ago her son sold out, and the buyer of that chest found therein $800 in notes and gold in old stockings. The son claimed the money and had his claim allowed.

Do not Persecute the Body in sickness with medicines that depress the physical energies. What the sick principally need is an accession of vital strength to enable them to cope with the enemy that has assailed them. The diseased system should be sustained, toned, purified and regulated, and there is no medical preparation in existence so largely endowed with the properties required to effect these objects as HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. In ordinary practice aperient, blood-depurating, anti-bilious and sedative medicines are administered separately. In Hostetter's Bitters all these agents are combined, and act together in perfect harmony, so that undue debility and undue excitement are alike prevented, and the strength of the patient rallies while the disease is losing ground. In dyspepsia, liver complaint, chronic constipation intermittent fevers, general weakness, and all ailments involving physical and mental depression, this pure vegetable restorative is a sovereign remedy.

WHERE DOES IT COME FROM?

Pints and quarts of filthy catarrhal discharge. Where does it all come from? The mucous membrane, lining the chambers of the nose, and its little glands, are diseased, so that they draw from the blood its liquid and exposure to the air changes it into corruption. This life-liquid was to build up the system, but it is extracted and the system is weakened by the loss. To cure, gain flesh and strength by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which also acts directly upon these glands, correcting them, applying Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy with Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche, the only method of reaching the upper cavities where the discharge accumulates and comes from.

CATARRH OF 20 YEARS STANDING CURED.

MONROE, Ouachita Parish, La., Sept., 16, 1871.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D.:

Sometime about last June I commenced the use of your medicines, and they have entirely cured me of Catarrh of twenty years standing.

Respectfully, MRS. C. E. PHILLIPS.

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EAST INDIA HEMP is the only thing on record that positively cures **Consumption** and **Bronchitis**. We have many pulmonics, but **CANNABIS INDICA** is the only permanent cure, and will break up a fresh cold in 24 hours. One bottle will satisfy the most skeptical. Price, $2.50. Sold everywhere. Send stamp for certificate of cures to CHADWICK & Co., 1032 Race street, Philadelphia, naming Saturday Evening Post. fe1-13t

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Removed alive, with head complete, in from two to three hours. No fee till removed, by Dr. KUNKEL, No. 229 N. Ninth street, Philadelphia. Seat, Pin and Stomach Worms also removed. oc25-52t

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KIDNEY, BLADDER, AND LIVER

COMPLAINTS, DYSPEPSIA,

AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS AND THROAT

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oct9-4t

WEEKLY

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1874.

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Every yearly subscriber will be entitled to a copy of our Premium Chromo, or to one of our large and beautiful Premium Steel Engravings—"The Sisters."

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☞ Ten cents must always be remitted to pay the expense of mailing the Chromo or engraving. Or 25 cents, if the Chromo is desired mounted on cardboard. We strongly advise having the Chromo mounted—it greatly increases its value.

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☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks, *payable to the order of the Saturday Post Publishing Company.*

BE CAREFUL IN OPENING THE WRAPPERS OF THE CHROMO OR ENGRAVINGS. Our subscribers are enjoined to be very careful in opening the wrappers of the Chromo or Engravings when they are received lest they should injure them.

Address

SATURDAY EVENING POST,

No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

SPRING GARDENING.

The setting out of plants in beds on the lawn or close to the house is so much like arranging a bouquet that if entrusted to an ordinary gardener it loses its charm. A lady's individuality will appear in the surroundings of her home. Her hand may be recognized throughout, as a painter in his pictures. These picturesque effects may be studied and practised to an indefinite extent, with daily and ever new delight on the part of the artist; for an artist eye it must be to work tastefully among forms and colors. There is no end to the lovely combinations of lovely things, made practicable by keeping somewhere out of sight a reserve force of plants, to use as a painter does his materials.

The first glory of the season, the spring bloom, has of course been arranged in the autumn, and now reveals itself in every ravishing feature, as flower after flower shoots up its tender stem and unfolds its delicate cup. There is no more fascinating branch of floriculture than that of the bulbs—those miracles of beauty hidden in the plain brown envelope, laid confidingly in the warm lap of mother earth; and just as soon as winter is over and gone, greeting us with smiling sweet salute that fulfils every promise. Hyacinth and tulip and daffodil broider the ground with rainbow tints, just as the pleasant green of the lawn around them brightens and freshens day by day.

And now we are planning for the summer. Gardeners live in visions of the future, enjoying more the long months of expectation than the short day of fruition. Small and stinted the actual may be, but with the riches of their dreams who shall intermeddle? In the wide and wonderful realm of fair imaginings their joy is sure. Surest also are the dreamers of brilliant success. Brooding lovingly over their ideal, and working in faith and hope, they bring it to pass with a certainty inexplicable to outsiders. They are the elect of Flora's kingdom, to whom she reveals her secrets; who know intuitively the laws of life and health that rule in the world of plants. Their slips are sure to sprout, their seeds to vegetate. The special knowledge for any new culture comes to them as involuntarily and unconsciously as the breath they draw.

The real workers reap the largest, richest harvest of pleasure. Only far-seeing, deep-planning cultivators, who watch and nurture the plant through all stages of growth to its triumphant flowering, know the full delight of the florist; but there are all grades of enjoyment proportioned to taste and opportunity. The professional florist is ready in May with his tempting stock of bedding out plants, and it is very pretty amusement to select and arrange the lovely materials he offers. The oval bed or large wire basket under the drawing-room window can be furnished with low-growing roses, heliotrope and carnations, with plenty of dwarf-mignonette and the invaluable sweet alyssum, the deep green of the ivy and the grace of dainty vines—ipomea and maurandya, passion-flower and clematis. The finest effects are often seen from a bed of foliage plants alone near the house, the subdued richness of their varied colors harmonizing delicately with the gray stone of the mansion. Broad, low vases of marble or terra-cotta are charming filled brim-full of glowing pansies; or a scarlet mass of dwarf-geranium, with thunbergia and Kenilworth ivy trailing luxuriantly over the edge. Nothing could be more brilliant for a sunny spot than a bed or basket of portulaccas. They are of the warmest, richest colors, and are now produced double as roses. True children of the sun, they luxuriate in his mid-day beams, rejoicing when all things else languish in the heat of the summer noon; and the lightest breath of air is enough to stir up a frolic in the merry company of innumerable blossoms. The shady places, where nothing else will flourish, should abound in ferns, foreign or native. Only those who have grown them know what daily treasures of joy are in their exquisite beauty. For an effective, tropical-looking clump on the lawn, there is the stately Canna and the flaming sword-lily, the splendid Gladiolus, Calladium, giant-leaved, and, towering over all, the quick-growing Ricinus. The summer lilies, gorgeous and fragrant, should have a choice spot to themselves; and, serenely apart, on the sunny side of a group of arborvitæ, fair shining from the green background, the spotless queen of them all, supreme in grace and sweetness, the crowning glory of June, pure white, with heart of virgin gold,—the Lily of the Annunciation.

There is a general reaction of taste toward old-fashioned gardening; and the best results may sometimes be achieved by combining the two,—working out fine effects of color, with flowers that are not merely showy, but rich in intrinsic merits—the beautiful, fragrant, soul-full favorites of all time. S. P.

☞ BURMESE MARRIAGES. — Marriage among the Burmese is a most peculiar institution, and the "marriage knot" is very easily undone. If two persons are tired of each other's society, they dissolve partnership in the following simple and touching but conclusive manner: They respectively light two candles, and shutting up their hut sit down and wait until they are burned up. The one whose candle burns out first gets up at once and leaves the house (and forever) taking nothing but the clothes he or she may have on at the time; all else then becomes the property of the other party.

THE PILGRIMS.

The way is long and dreary,
The path is bleak and bare;
Our feet are worn and weary,
But we will not despair.
More heavy was Thy burden,
More desolate Thy way;
Oh, Lamb of God, who takest
The sin of the world away,
Have mercy on us!

The snows lie thick around us,
In the dark and gloomy night;
And the tempest wails above us,
And the stars have hid their light.
But blacker was the darkness
Round Calvary's Cross that day—
Oh, Lamb of God, who takest
The sin of the world away,
Have mercy on us!

Our hearts are faint with sorrow,
Heavy and hard to bear,
For we dread the bitter morrow,
But we will not despair;
Thou knowest all our anguish,
And Thou wilt bid it cease—
Oh, Lamb of God, who takest
The sin of the world away,
Give us Thy peace!

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

Dickens's Last Years.

The story of Dickens's last years, as set down in the closing volume of Forster's biography, is, says the Saturday Review, as sad as it is simple. "We see a man of genius killing himself by inches in the effort to make money. The strong man breaks down by constantly straining his powers a little too far; the work which was once done spontaneously, without a conscious effort, has to be performed at high pressure, and with an ever-increasing sense of its painfulness; and, moreover, as Mr. Forster says himself, the task under which Dickens ultimately broke down was one which, if not below his dignity, was at least not the highest to which he might have devoted himself. Should a man of genius show himself in public for money? Should a great novelist condescend to be an actor? These are questions which we need not answer; there is much to be said on both sides; but at least it is painful to see a man whose powers were in their way unrivalled, actually working himself to death in an employment which, to say the least of it, did not give scope for the worthiest employment of his faculties. And what was the cause of this restless, unceasing, unsatisfactory labor? The answer is only too plain; but we preface it by one distinct statement. 'No man,' says Mr. Forster, 'could care essentially less for money' than Dickens. We fully and unreservedly accept the statement. We believe as fully as Mr. Forster that Dickens was as generous a man as could be named, and was entirely above any sordid desire for money-making; and yet he himself tells us in the plainest language that his primary motive for undertaking a task of this kind was the pecuniary reward. The pages of this book are painfully full of the subject. He wanted, says Mr. Forster, to make a provision for his sons. It is impossible to avoid the reflection that he had apparently ample means for providing for a large family by the ordinary exercise of his profession. He was beyond all comparison the most popular author who ever wrote English. He twice received, as Mr. Forster tells us, a thousand pounds for a story not half the length of one of the numbers of 'Copperfield;' and Mr. Forster adds that there are no 'other such instances in the history of literature.' The success of his writings was beyond all precedent. The Christmas number of All the Year Round had a sale of 300,000. He was to receive £7,500 for 25,000 copies of 'Edwin Drood,' and to have half the profit of all sales beyond that number; whilst during his life the sales reached 50,000 copies. Scott in all his glory was not to be compared with Dickens in point of immediate popularity. Surely, one would think, a man in such a position might be independent enough of pecuniary cares to allow his mind due rest, and employ it upon worthy tasks. The arguments, however, which induced Dickens to lecture in America in spite of Mr. Forster's dissuasion, are carefully given in a paper drawn up on the occasion; and simply come to this, that he calculated upon making £15,500 by eighty readings. On his return from America he continued his readings in England; and calculates that by both together he will have made £28,000 in a year and a half."

Livingstone.

The body of Dr. Livingstone has arrived at Suez. The following account is given of Livingstone's fatal illness and death:—He had been ill of chronic dysentery for several months. He was well supplied with stores and medicines, but he had a presentiment that the attack would prove fatal. At first he was able to ride on a donkey, but soon had to be carried. Arriving at Muslala, beyond Lake Bemba, in the Bisa country, he said: "Build me a hut to die in!" A hut was built by his followers. The first of May he was confined to his bed, and afterwards suffered greatly, groaning day and night. The third day he said he was very cold, and requested that more grass be put over the hut. His followers could not speak or go near him. Kitumbo, the chief of Bisa, sent flour and beans, and behaved well toward the party. The fourth day he was insensible, and died about midnight. Mak Adahoova, a servant, was present. Dr. Livingstone made his last entry in his diary on April 27. He spoke most sadly of his home and family.

Jacob Wainwright cut an inscription on a tree thus:—"Dr. Livingstone died May 4, 1873," and superscribed it with the name of the dead man, Susa. The body was preserved in salt and dried in the sun for twelve days. Chief Kitumbo, on being informed of Livingstone's death, had the drums beat and guns fired as a token of respect, and allowed his followers to remove the body, which they placed in a bark coffin and commenced the journey to Unyamyembe, which took six months, sending in advance a party with information of all that had occurred, addressed to Dr. Livingstone's son. The advance party was met by Mr. Cameron, who sent back bales of cloth and powder. The body arrived at Unyamyembe ten days after the advance party, and rested there two weeks. Mr. Cameron, Murphy and Dillon also arrived together—the latter very ill, his sight gone and mind affected. He afterwards committed suicide at Karakara, and was buried there. At Unyamyembe, Livingstone's remains were placed in another bark case, the smaller one, done up to represent a bale of goods, was to deceive the natives, who objected to the passage of the corpse, and was thus carried to Zanzibar. Dr. Livingstone's clothing, papers and instruments accompanied the body. When sick in bed he prayed much at Mulala, and said, "I am going home."

☞ It is remarkable how many Englishmen in the front rank of intellect and fame have, in this generation, acknowledged their obligations to their wives for the best part of their intellectual life. John Stuart Mill, Lord Palmerston, Lord Melbourne, Sir Samuel Baker, are names that recall in every case a full and affectionate record of conjugal virtue and excellence. The perfect companionship of Queen Victoria with her husband is well known.

FREE PLATFORM.

[We give this week an article from a lady, upon the affirmative side of the Prohibitory Law question, and an article from "No Fanatic," quoting the recent letter from Dr. Curtis, which has attracted so much attention. We also give a number of other authorities on the question, "Is Alcohol Poisonous?"]

A WOMAN'S VIEW.

MESSRS. EDITORS—If we women are to be allowed a word on your Free Platform, I shall be glad to have a few words with "No Fanatic." Like Temperance, I am an advocate of Prohibition. Yes, of Prohibition "in every form, by law and by moral force," or any other way. I would not have it prohibited only in certain places and bar-rooms, grog-shops, &c., but at every point, in every house, no matter what the dealer dealt in. This thing of prohibiting liquors in saloons, &c., and allowing it at drug stores for "medicinal purposes" won't do. Here is a small village not many miles above me, where it was prohibited to all save drug stores. Well, saloons were closed, but within a month five new drug stores (and no exaggeration) were started, and there was more sickness among the male inhabitants of that place than had ever been heard of before. It is half imagination that causes it to be adopted as medicine any way. I believe we would do better without it, even for that purpose. "No Fanatic" urges "simple appeal to the moral and religious emotions of men." You might as well hammer away on a fixed rock, hunting for its moral emotions, as try to touch such feelings in some men. Moral suasion will do for some, but there are many who have no moral or religious emotions—they have them, none are without—but they will not heed them. Yet they have wives and children who must suffer; and what woman whose husband loves the accursed drink, or what child whose father does the same, does not suffer?

No, sir, nothing but Prohibition will do; as long as lovers of it are allowed to taste it they will have it. Now they have only to hand over their ten or fifteen cents, or whatever it may be, and the drink is theirs; and they will have that ten or fifteen cents if it takes the last mouthful of bread and meat from the miserable women and children. Why right here in our midst a man—a whisky lover, walked up and wanted to sell a feather bed weighing forty pounds to a dealer in whisky—for the worth of $3 in whisky. That dealer was honest and would make no such trade—pity there are not more such; but the whisky-lover sold his bed elsewhere. He would have his liquor. Don't you know that man will have whisky as long as it is sold? As to Prohibitory Laws causing the growth of contemptible morals—that must surely be a mistake. The world would be better than we can dream of. Homes would be pleasant, and hearts happy. Whose morals are worse than a drunkard's? Who can tattle and pry more than a half-drunken man? and even if 'twere true—we'd rather be in the midst of that, disagreeable as it is, than see our loved ones going down, down to the dark grave of a drunkard.

As to the $60,000,000 revenue, we'd rather pay the heavy income tax. Yes, we women would work, work, work until we could pay it. As to having our virtue rewarded at the cost of the ruin of others, we want no such reward. The ruin caused by the sale of their liquors surely overbalances the $60,000,000 revenue. Men look at this from a distance. Were it brought home to them as women must see it, all men of Temperance would favor Prohibition, yes—even *No Fanatic*. A WOMAN.

IS ALCOHOL POISONOUS?

Baron Liebig says: "Beer, wine, spirits, etc., furnish no element *capable* of entering into the composition of blood, muscular fibre, or any part which is the seat of the vital principle."

Professor Moleschott, in his work on the "Chemistry of Diet," says: "Alcohol does *not deserve* the name of an alimentary principle." (Erlangen, 1853.)

Professor Lehmann, in his "Physiological Chemistry," says: "We cannot believe that Alcohol, theine, etc., belong to the class of substances *capable* of contributing toward the maintenance of the vital functions."

Dr. E. Smith, F.R.S., says: "Alcohol is *not* a true food. It interferes with alimentation." (1859)

Dr. W. B. Carpenter, in the fourth edition of his "Manual of Physiology" (1865,) says: "Alcohol *cannot* supply anything which is essential to the due nutrition of the tissues." (p. 327.)

The French chemists and physiologists, Lallemand, Perrin, and Duroy, as well as Dr. Smith and others, have amply demonstrated that Alcohol, when drunk moderately, is *not known to undergo decomposition at all* within the body, but *is known* to be constantly given off by the breath, skin, and kidneys.

Dr. T. K. Chambers, in his remarkable book, "The Renewal of Life" (1862,) says: "It is clear that we must cease to regard Alcohol *as in any sense* an aliment."

Dr. Markham, F. R. S., sums up a long discussion on Alcohol in "The British Medical Journal," as follows:—"It is, to all intents, a foreign agent, which the body gets rid of as soon as it can. Alcohol is *not* a supporter of combustion. Part, probably the whole of it, escapes from the body; and none of it, so far as we know, is assimilated. It is, therefore, not a food in the eye of Science."

Dr. W. B. Carpenter, justly says: "The experience of Arctic voyagers is most decided in regard to the low value of Alcohol, in comparison with fat, as a heat-producing material. The operation of Alcohol is essentially that of a stimulus—*being followed by a corresponding depression of power.* Where exhilaration is produced, *there* is subsequent depression."

Baron Liebig says of the drinker:—"SPIRITS, by their action on the nerves, enable him to make up deficient power *at the expense of his body.* * * * He consumes his *capital* instead of his interest. * * * WINE is constantly followed by the *expenditure* of power."

Professor Christison, M. D., in his "Treatise on Poisons," ranks Alcohol, along with nightshade, nux vomica, and tobacco, in the class of double poisons—"*narcotico-acrid;* being both *local irritants,* and producing an effect on the nervous system."

Dr. Charles Wilson, in his admirable book, "The Pathology of Drunkenness" (Edin., 1853,) says:—"No circumstances of ordinary life can render even the moderate use of intoxicating fluids either beneficial or necessary, *or even innocuous.*"

IS ALCOHOL A POISON?

MESSRS. EDITORS—The question, "Is Alcohol a Poison?" never had any great interest for me—for I never thought it decided the question whether alcoholic liquors were poisons, any more than the question whether oxygen or nitrogen gas is a poison, would decide whether air, a compound of oxygen and nitrogen, is a poison.

But for the benefit of those who do attach great value to the settlement of this question, I beg leave to quote this week the following letter which recently appeared in the N. Y. Tribune, from the pen of a high medical authority, giving the latest views of scientific men upon the subject:

LETTER FROM DR. CURTIS.

I take the liberty of asking for space in your columns for the accompanying remarks on the general nature of the action of alcohol on the animal system, which seem to me to be called for by the many erroneous ideas on that subject current in the newspapers. And as much of what I have to say is opposed to common opinion, I may, perhaps, be pardoned for remarking, as a sort of voucher for such statements, that being the teacher of "materia medica and therapeutics" in one of the medical colleges of this city, I have necessarily given a good deal of attention to the study of the physiological action of all articles used in medicine, and am obliged to keep myself carefully informed of every advance in knowledge on such subjects.

As no good to the temperance or any other cause can come out of misconception as to matters of fact, I am impelled to say that late researches in physiological chemistry have put the action of alcohol on the animal system in a new light. Without going into technical details, the following are the main facts of the matter:

Contrary to what was lately believed, it has been proved beyond the possibility of a doubt that alcohol when drunk is *not* "ejected from the system unchanged," except in trifling amount when taken in grossly intoxicating quantity. On the contrary, in ordinary amounts it is wholly consumed, transformed, in the system, and by the nature of its chemical composition is capable, like certain elements of ordinary food, of thus yielding *force* which can be used by the economy to do life-work, as the heat of the burning coal drives the engine.

In this fact we have a key to the effects of alcoholic drinks on man. Thus within certain limits of dose, alcohol is transformed like ordinary food in the system without producing any injurious effects, and yielding useful force for the purposes of the economy, must be considered as a *food* in any philosophical sense of the word. And an important point to know, and one little understood, is that this food-action is attended with no exciting or intoxicating influence, but the whole effect, like that of ordinary food, is seen in the maintenance or restoration, according to circumstances, of that balance of function called health.

But if taken in greater quantity than can be utilized as a force-yielding food, the excess of alcohol acts as a poison, producing a well-known train of perturbations of function. And—again a point generally misunderstood—*all* signs of departure from the natural condition in the drinker, from the first flushing of the cheek, brightening of the eye, and unnatural mental excitement, to the general paralysis of complete drunkenness, belong equally to the poisonous effect of alcohol. That is, for I wish strongly to insist upon this point, even the early phases of alcohol-disturbance, which are often improperly called "stimulating," are part and parcel of the injuriously disturbing influence of over-dosage, and must be put in the same category with the more obviously poisonous effects of pronounced intoxication.

Alcohol has thus a two-fold action. First, it is capable, in proper dose, of being consumed and utilized as a force-producer; in which case there is no visible disturbance of normal function. Such action cannot be distinguished either by the drinker or the physiologist from that of a quickly digestible fluid food, and is no more an "excitement" or "stimulation," followed by a "recoil" or "depression," than is the action of a bowl of hot soup or of a glass of milk. The second action is the poisonous influence of an excess of alcohol circulating in the blood, which makes itself sensible to the drinker by peculiar sensations and disturbances, and is not only followed by "depression," but is itself a form of depression—that is, a disturbance of balance; an unnatural perturbation of the normal working of the functions.

Every reader of these lines will at once ask, What then is the limit as to quantity within which alcohol exerts only a food-action, and beyond which it begins to poison by its excess? This question cannot be answered categorically, for it so happens that the "poison line," as it has been aptly called, is a shifting one. Even in health it varies according to age, sex, individual peculiarity and habit, and even in the same person according to his physical condition for the time being. When fatigued by bodily or mental work, when suffering from emotional agitation, as anxiety or fear; when worn by loss of sleep, of blood, or by pain, amounts of alcohol which ordinarily would flush the face and somewhat confuse the mind, will be borne by the same person without producing the slightest symptom of intoxication; the whole effect of the drink being expended in relieving the pre-existing malaise, and restoring the system to its normal condition. And in more formal morbid states, as in many diseases, the poison-line often shifts to an astounding degree, so that what would in health produce even dangerous drunkenness will be borne without causing the least intoxication; the whole of the alcohol being apparently utilized by the system for obtaining the life-saving energy which this fluid, from its swift absorption and ready chemical change in the blood, can so quickly yield.

It can no longer be truthfully said, therefore, that alcohol never "gives strength." For since in proper dose it can be used as one of those food substances whose province is to furnish force to run the living machine, the *giving of strength* under such circumstances happens to be exactly what it does do, as closely as words can express it. It is also plain that it is inaccurate to speak of alcohol in a sweeping way as a "poison." For the poisonous effects belong only to an excess of the article swallowed above what can be utilized as a food; and the property of being injurious—that is, poisonous, in overdose—is a common one to most easily absorbable articles of diet, as tea, coffee, salt, sugar, &c., although of course the nature and degree of the deleterious effect differ widely with different things. Still further, some late researches make it more than probable that a certain amount of alcohol is regularly formed in the animal economy, since a substance answering all the tests of alcohol has been detected in small quantity as a regular ingredient of the blood and certain secretions, both in animals and in men who had taken no alcoholic drink for years. To speak therefore of alcohol unqualifiedly as a poison, is incorrect and improper from every point of view.

Such, according to the present state of chemical and physiological science, are the main facts concerning the action of alcohol on the animal system; and my object in this brief letter is simply to present these facts as clearly as I can before those who discuss the perplexing hygienic and moral problem of the use of alcoholic drinks as an ordinary beverage, in order that the foundation stone upon which their arguments must rest may be the secure basis of truth. EDWARD CURTIS, M. D.

New York, March 23, 1874

NO FANATIC.

OLD LOVE.

The broadsword loses its glitter
As it hangs in the ancient hall;
Rusted and blunt grows the keen-edged blade
That once so gallant a champion made
As it gleamed from the castle wall.

The jewel loses its lustre
As it lies in its velvet nest,
Till dull and dim is the good red gold
That showed such a royal light of old
As it flashed from a beauty's breast.

The blue eye loses its power
As age comes creeping on;
The fair form droops from its stately grace,
The roses fly from the care-worn face,
The charm from the trembling tone.

The color fades from the canvas,
The magic from ringing rhyme;
Now is there a joy in this world of ours,
Riches, or glories, or hopes, or flowers,
But dies at the touch of Time?

Ay, Love in his pure serenity
Can the pitiless spell defy,
For tears cannot drown, nor absence dim,
And death itself may not conquer him,
For true love never can die.

Faults of Temper.

Few men have sweet tempers, or hold such as they possess under steady, invariable control, though there are men who, without this sweetness of nature, however much tried, never seem to lose their self-command. No public man can get on long who has not his temper well in hand; but, with the same amount of inflammable particles, men differ very much on the occasions that set fire to them. Some people, who are all composure when we might reasonably expect and justly excuse an explosion, will break down into peevishness or passing frenzy on slight provocations. We have known men, quite remarkable for a well-bred serenity, to be unreasonably and childishly testy at some transient annoyance of a sort they are not used to. Highly sensitive organizations and intellects, kept on the stretch, are always irritable. De Quincey, who has no heroes, says that Wordsworth, with all his philosophy, had fits of ill-temper, though the unexampled sweetness of his wife's temper made it impossible to quarrel with her.

Nor does the field in which temper exercises itself make much difference. A divine defending his favorite views is as peppery as any layman; while he flushes, and his eye gleams and scintillates with less consciousness of the spirit that rouses the glare than the disputant in secular matters—the distinction between zeal and temper being more easily drawn by his opponent or observer than by himself. How often we read of meetings between religious and philanthropic leaders, looked forward to as a great occasion by their followers, leaving only painful regrets, through some accidental spark falling upon the combustible element in the composition of one or both. The two great hymn-writers and good Christians, Newton and Toplady, met but once, and but for a few minutes, yet something passed—a trifling jest—which upset Toplady's equanimity, and made his parting words, we are told by the friendly bystander, not very courteous.—*Blackwood's.*

Mrs. Astor's Diamonds.

Mrs. Astor, the wife of the hundred-millionaire of New York, appeared at a party which she gave at her Fifth avenue residence, the other evening, in a style that would justify any reporter in saying that she "literally blazed all over with diamonds." On each side of her shoulders she had four stars, the size of silver half-dollars, made of diamonds. Her hair was set very thickly with diamonds, and her head seemed aflame with them. There was a diamond bandeau upon her brow. She had diamond ear-rings, and a diamond necklace of magnificent proportions. Upon the two sides of her chest, were two circles of diamonds, about the size of the palm of the hand. From them depended lines and curves of diamonds reaching to her waist, round which she wore a diamond girdle. On the skirts of her dress in front, were two large peacocks, wrought of lines of diamonds. There were rosettes of diamonds on her slippers. There were diamonds, large or small, but in every variety of form, all over her dress and person, wherever they could be artistically placed. She presented an extraordinary and dazzling spectacle, as she moved languidly through the dance, among her friends. One of the ladies present, a connoisseur in precious stones, who kept cool enough to take practical observations, says the diamonds she wore could not have cost less than a million dollars, and must have represented her husband's income for at least a quarter of a year. This same lady, who is familiar with court life in Europe, says that the largest collection of diamonds in possession of any European empress or queen belongs to the present German empress, but she adds that even Augusta herself could not make a diamond show which would begin to compare with that made by Mrs. Astor.

A Penitent Dog.

If children were only as penitent and well-behaved as many a dumb animal, parents and friends would have an easier time. The following story seems incredible, but it has vouchers for its truth:

Hon. G. F. Richardson, of Lowell, owns a magnificent Newfoundland dog. Last spring Mrs. Richardson took the children and dog to the photograph saloon to have the group taken, but the dog was in a wilful mood and would not pose, and was turned out. The next day the dog put in an appearance at the saloon and scratched at the door till he was admitted; he then proceeded directly to the spot assigned him the day before, and placed himself in the exact position that had been desired by the artist. The photograph was taken, and when completed put into a box and given to the dog, who carried it directly to his master; but it being April 1st, the master was at first suspicious, but at length yielded to the dog's pertinacity and opened the box.

Golden Silence.

"A pain forgotten is a pain cured," is a proverb I have never heard, but I think it would be a good one. I know more than one person who cherishes ailments, and of them makes a never-failing topic of conversation, which is never agreeable, and ceases to be interesting to others after a time. If the purpose of such conversation is to obtain sympathy, it certainly fails of its object. When one is really suffering, a regard for the feelings of friends would cause one to be very careful not to talk about it unnecessarily, for what is more distressing than to witness pain which one has no power to alleviate, and to be continually reminded of sorrows which cannot be assuaged?—*Christian Weekly.*

WIT AND HUMOR.

A JUST CRITICISM IN RHYME.

EITHER—NEITHER.

Have you seen a dictionary,
Of this new vocabulary,
Which pronounces either i-ther,
And pronounces neither ny-ther?
We may call it affectation,
Shoddy-show pronunciation;
It upsets the ei diphthong,
As pronounced by scholars long.
Making e and i change places,
With the case of Grecian graces;
Only let them change their stations
In like place in all relations—
Change their places in believers,
Change them also in deceivers—
Change conceited to conceited,
Fortune's freight to fright affrighted,
For the rule which gives us i-ther,
Changing neither into ny-ther,
Makes believers all beliyvers,
And deceivers all deceyvers.
The conceited man conceyted,
While the freighted ship is fryghted,
Deigning, too, is dining, true,
For every line brings something new,
Veil is vine before this current;
Weight is wite, with Yankee accent;
If you cannot change these, also,
Speak as others do, or should do.

AN INVITED NOSE.

At one of the demi French reunions, not long since, a little scene occurred which amused the few who witnessed it. About ten o'clock a monsieur entered, very correct in his "getting up," unexceptionable in his demeanor, of fine figure—altogether an accomplished gentleman, but a gentleman gifted with a very considerable nasal organ. The old proverb says, "A large nose never spoiled a handsome face," and the stranger justified the proverb.

Advancing to the mistress of the house, he made the formal reverence which ceremony requires on a first visit, then, taking a more familiar tone, he said, "It has been very happy to accept your invitation, madam; an honor of which it is quite unworthy."

This was said in a low voice, but so distinctly articulated that it could be understood by those who stood near.

The lady, who, though a very distingué person, is somewhat timid, because still young, was somewhat embarrassed at this address, and, thinking she had misunderstood him, replied—

"Excuse me, sir; you were saying—"

"I said, madam, that it was very grateful for the invitation to your soirees."

The bystanders exchanged looks and began to whisper; the lady became more and more out of countenance.

"I do not understand you," she said, at length; "of what are you speaking?"

The gentleman did not speak again, but pointed, in reply, to the prominent feature in his face.

"What! do you know? Oh, how imprudent!" exclaimed the lady; and blushing from her chin to her eyes, she concealed in her handkerchief a face half-laughing and half-embarrassed.

The explanation of this little mystery soon came out. The hostess had met this gentleman the evening before at the house of her sister, where he made himself very agreeable, as was his custom. On her return, recollecting her own soiree of the next day, she wrote hastily the following concise note to her sister:—

"I have taken a liking to the big nose. Give it an invitation for me."

Her madcap relative amused herself by sending the invitation as it was, and the gentleman responded to the joke in a manner which brought the laughter on his side.

THE BITER BITTEN.

A man in the dress of a workman was lately walking in the streets of Berlin with a packet in his hand, sealed with five seals, and inscribed with an address, and a note that it contained one hundred thalers in treasury bills. As the bearer appeared to be at a loss, he was accosted by a passenger, who asked him what he was looking for. The simple countryman placed the packet in the inquirer's hands and requested that he would read the address. The reply was made as with an agreeable surprise. "Why! this letter is for me: I have been expecting it for a long while!" The messenger upon this demanded ten thalers for the carriage of the packet, which was readily paid, with a liberal addition to the porter. The new possessor of the packet hastened to an obscure corner to examine his prize, but, on breaking the seals, found nothing but a few sheets of blank paper, on which was written "Done."

TWO CALVES.

A correspondent of a neighboring journal tells of a country clerk in a rural town who had a pet calf which he was training up in the ways of the ox. The calf walked around very peacefully under one end of the yoke while Mr. Clerk held up the other end, but in an unfortunate moment the man conceived the idea of putting his own neck in the yoke, to let the calf see how it would work with a partner. This frightened the calf, and elevating his tail, he struck a dead run for the village, and Mr. Clerk went along with his head down and his plug hat in his hand, straining every nerve to keep up, and crying out at the top of his voice, "Here, here! Confound it! Somebody head us off!"

THE PRUDENT LAMB.

"The millenium has come," said a lion to a lamb; "suppose you come out of the fold and let us lie down together, as it has been foretold we should." "Lion to dinner to-day?" inquired the lamb. "Not a bite of anything since breakfast," was the reply, "except a few lean swine, a saddle or two, and some old harness." "I distrust a millenium," continued the lamb, thoughtfully, "which consists solely in our lying down together. My notion of that happy time is, that it is a period in which pork and leather are not articles of diet, but in which every respectable lion shall have as much mutton as he can consume. However, you may go over to yonder sunny hill and lie down until I come."

THE WORST OF IT.

A few years since there pervaded Chicago a speculator in grain, the boldness and magnitude of whose operations were worthy even of that city. This gentleman, Mr. Richard H., had gone into one cornering operation in wheat, by which he became slightly "hurt." In alluding to it a few weeks ago he remarked, "with characteristic blandness and frankness," "I lost in that speculation one million five hundred thousand dollars, and the worst of was that fifteen hundred dollars of it was good money, that I put in on the start."

COLD SOUP.—At a recent reception given by the Lieutenant Governor of South Carolina, among the delicacies of the season, some ice-cream, in a rather liquid condition, was passed around; upon tasting which one of the newly-elected State Senators, to whom ice-cream was as great a rarity as his political office was a novelty, exclaimed, "Golly, chile, dis am de coldest soup I ever ate!"

A SPRING MORNING.

The green grass-blades, a-quiver
With joy at the dawn of day
(For the most inquisitive ever
Of the flowers of the field are they),
Lisped it low to their lazy
Neighbors that flat on the ground,
Dandelion and daisy,
Lay still in a slumber sound;
But soon as a ripple of shadow
Runs over the whisperous wheat,
The rumor ran over the meadow,
With its numberless fluttering feet.
It was told by the water-creatures
To the brooklet that, in and out
Of the garrulous green recesses,
Pur gossip was gadding about,
And the brooklet, full of the matter,
Spread it abroad with pride;
But he stopped to gossip and chatter,
And turned to others aside,
That his news got there before him,
Ere his journey down was done;
And young leaves in the vale laughed o'er him,
"We knew it! The snow is gone."

LORD LYTTON.

EAST LYNNE;

OR,

THE ELOPEMENT.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

CHAPTER XXIV.—(CONTINUED.)

Mr. Carlyle came to the front door, opened it, and admitted Captain Thorn. He brought him into the clerks' office, which was bright with gas, keeping him in conversation for a few minutes standing, and then asking him to be seated; all in full view of the little window.

"I must beg your pardon for being late," Captain Thorn observed. "I am half an hour beyond the time you mentioned, but the Herberts had two or three friends at dinner, and I could not get away. I hope, Mr. Carlyle, you have not come to your office to-night purposely for me."

"Business must be attended to," somewhat evasively answered Mr. Carlyle: "I have been out myself nearly all day. We received a communication from London this morning, relative to your affair, and I am sorry to say it is anything but satisfactory. They will not wait."

"But I am not liable, Mr. Carlyle. Not liable in justice."

"No—if what you tell me be correct. But justice and law are sometimes in opposition, Captain Thorn."

Captain Thorn sat in perplexity. "They will not get me arrested here, will they?"

"They would have done it, beyond doubt; but I have caused a letter to be written and dispatched to them, which must bring forth an answer before any violent proceedings are taken. That answer will be here the morning after to-morrow."

"And what am I to do, then?"

"I think it probable there may be a way then of checkmating them. But I am not sure, Captain Thorn, that I can give my attention further to this affair."

"I hope and trust you will," was the reply.

"You have not forgotten that I told you at first, I could not promise to do so," rejoined Mr. Carlyle. "You shall hear from me to-morrow. If I carry it on for you, I will then appoint an hour for you to be here the following day; if not—why, I dare say you will find a solicitor as capable of assisting you as I am."

"But why will you not? What is the reason?"

"I cannot always give reasons for what I do," was the response. "You shall hear from me to-morrow."

He rose as he spoke; Captain Thorn also rose. Mr. Carlyle detained him yet a few moments, and then saw him out at the front door and fastened it.

He returned and released Richard. The latter took off his hat as he advanced into the blaze of light.

"Well, Richard, is it the same man?"

"No, sir. Nor in the least like him."

Mr. Carlyle, though little given to emotion, felt a strange relief—relief for Captain Thorn's sake. He had rarely seen one whom he could so little associate with the notion of a murderer as Captain Thorn, and he was a man who exceedingly won upon the regard. He would heartily help him out of his dilemma now.

"Excepting that they are both tall, with nearly the same color of hair, there is no resemblance whatever between them," proceeded Richard. "Their faces, their figures are as opposite as light is from dark. That other, in spite of his handsome features, had the expression at times of a demon; but this one's expression is the best part of his face. Hallijohn's murderer had a curious look here, sir."

"Where?" questioned Mr. Carlyle, for Richard had only pointed to his face generally.

"Well—I cannot say precisely where it lay, whether in the eyebrows or the eyes; I could not tell when I used to have him before me; but it was in one of them. Ah, Mr. Carlyle, I thought, when Barbara told me Thorn was here, it was too good news to be true; depend on't he won't venture to West Lynne again. This man is no more like that other villain than you are like him."

"Then—as that is set at rest—we had better be going, Richard. You have to see your mother, and she must be waiting in anxiety. How much money do you want?"

"Twenty-five pounds would do, but—" Richard stopped in hesitation.

"But what?" asked Mr. Carlyle. "Speak out, Richard."

"Thirty would be more welcome. Thirty would put me at ease."

"You shall take thirty," said Mr. Carlyle, counting out the notes to him. "Now—will you walk with me to the Grove, or will you walk alone? I mean to see you there in safety."

Richard thought he would prefer to walk alone; everybody they met might be speaking to Mr. Carlyle. The latter inquired why he chose moonlight nights for his visits.

"It is pleasanter for night travelling. And, had I chosen dark nights, Barbara could not have seen my signal from the trees," was the answer of Richard.

They went out and proceeded unmolested to the house of Justice Hare. It was past nine then. "I am so much obliged to you, Mr. Carlyle," whispered Richard, as they walked up the path.

"I wish I could help you more effectually, Richard, and clear up the mystery. Is Barbara on the watch? Yes; there's the door slowly opening."

Richard stole across the hall and into the parlor to his mother. Barbara approached and softly whispered Mr. Carlyle, standing just outside the portico; her voice trembled with the suspense of what the answer might be.

"Is it the same man? The same Thorn?"

"No. Richard says this man bears no resemblance to the real one."

"Oh!" uttered Barbara, in her surprise and disappointment. "Not the same! And for the best part of poor Richard's evening to have been taken up for nothing."

"Not quite nothing," said Mr. Carlyle. "The question is now set at rest."

"Set at rest!" repeated Barbara. "It is left in more uncertainty than ever."

"Set at rest so far as regards Captain Thorn. And whilst our suspicions were concentrated upon him, we thought not of looking to other quarters."

When they entered the sitting-room, Mrs. Hare was crying over Richard, and Richard was crying over her; but she seized the hand of Mr. Carlyle.

"You have been very kind; I don't know whatever we should do without you. And I want to tax your kindness further. Has Barbara mentioned it?"

"I could not talk in the hall, mamma; the servants might have overheard."

"Mr. Hare is not well, and we terribly fear he will be home early, in consequence; otherwise we should have been quite safe until after ten, for he has gone to the Buck's Head, and they never leave, you know, till the hour has struck. Should he come in and see Richard—oh, I need not enlarge upon the consequences to you, Archibald; the very thought sends me into a shiver. Barbara and I have been discussing it all the evening, and we can only think of one plan. It is, that you will kindly stay in the garden near the gate; and, should he come in, stop him and keep him in conversation. Barbara will be with you, and will run in with the warning, and Richard can go inside the closet in the hall, till Mr. Hare has entered and is safe in this room, and then he can make his escape. Will you do this, Archibald?"

"Certainly I will."

"I cannot part with him before ten o'clock, unless I am forced," she whispered, pressing Mr. Carlyle's hands in her earnest gratitude. "You don't know what it is, Archibald, to have a lost son home for an hour but once in seven years. At ten o'clock we will part."

Mr. Carlyle and Barbara began to pace the path, in compliance with the wish of Mrs. Hare, keeping near the entrance-gate. When they were turning the second time, Mr. Carlyle offered her his arm; it was an act of mere politeness. Barbara took it; and there they waited and waited, but the justice did not come.

Punctually to the minute, half after nine, Lady Isabel's carriage arrived at Mrs. Jefferson's, and she came out immediately, a headache being the plea for her early departure. She had not far to go, to reach East Lynne, about two miles, and it was a by-road nearly all the way. They could emerge into the open road if they pleased, but it was a trifle farther. Suddenly a gentleman approached the carriage as it was bowling along, and waved his hand to the coachman to pull up. In spite of the glowing moonlight, Lady Isabel did not at first recognize him, for he wore a disfiguring fur cap, the ears of which were tied over his ears and cheeks. It was Francis Levison. She put down the window.

"I thought it must be your carriage. How early you are returning! Were you tired of your entertainers?"

"Why, he knew what time my lady was returning," thought John to himself; "he asked me. A false sort of chap that, I've a notion."

"I came out for a midnight stroll, and have tired myself," he proceeded. "Will you take compassion on me and give me a seat home?"

She acquiesced; she could not do otherwise. The footman sprang from behind to open the door, and Francis Levison took his place beside Lady Isabel. "Take the high road," he put out his head to say to the coachman, and the man touched his hat. Which high road would cause them to pass Mr. Hare's.

"I did not know you," she began, gathering herself into her own corner. "What ugly thing is that you have on? It is like a disguise."

He was taking off the "ugly thing" as she spoke, and began to twirl it round his hand. "Disguise? Oh, no, I have no creditors in the immediate neighborhood of East Lynne."

False as ever. It was worn as a disguise, and he knew it.

"Is Mr. Carlyle at home?" she inquired.

"No." Then, after a pause—"I expect he is more agreeably engaged."

The tone, a most significant one, brought the tingling blood to the cheeks of Lady Isabel. She wished to preserve a dignified silence, and did, for a few moments; but the jealous question broke out.

"Engaged in what manner?"

"As I came by Hare's house just now, I saw two people, a gentleman and a young lady, coupled lovingly together, enjoying a tete-a-tete by moonlight. Unless I am mistaken, he was the favored individual whom you call lord and master."

Lady Isabel almost gnashed her teeth; the jealous doubts which had been tormenting her all the evening were confirmed. That the man whom she hated—yes, in her blind anger, she hated him then—should so impose upon her, should excuse himself by lies, lies base and false as he was, from accompanying her out, on purpose to pass the hours with Barbara Hare! Had she been alone in the carriage, a torrent of passion had probably escaped her.

She leaned back, panting in her emotion, but hiding it from Captain Levison. As they came opposite to Justice Hare's she deliberately bent forward and scanned the garden with eager eyes.

There, in the bright moonlight, all too bright and clear, slowly paced, arm-in-arm, and drawn close to each other, her husband and Barbara Hare. With a choking sob that could no longer be controlled or hidden, Lady Isabel sank back again.

He, that bold, bad man, dared to put his arm round her; to draw her to his side, to whisper that his love was left to her, if another's was withdrawn. She was most assuredly out of her senses that night, or she never would have listened.

A jealous woman is mad; an outraged woman is doubly mad; and the ill-fated Lady Isabel truly believed that every sacred feeling which ought to exist between man and wife was betrayed by Mr. Carlyle.

"Be avenged on that false hound, Isabel. He was never worthy of you. Leave your life of misery, and come to happiness."

In her bitter distress and wrath, she broke into a storm of sobs. Were they caused by passion against her husband, or by these bold and shameless words? Alas! alas! Francis Levison applied himself to soothe her with all the sweet and dangerous sophistry of his crafty nature.

The minutes flew on. A quarter to ten; ten; a quarter past ten; and still Richard Hare lingered on with his mother, and still Mr. Carlyle and Barbara paced patiently the garden path. At half-past ten Richard came forth, after having taken his last farewell. Then came Barbara's tearful farewell, which Mr. Carlyle witnessed; then a hard grasp of that gentleman's hand, and Richard plunged amidst the trees, to depart the way he came.

"Good-night, Barbara," said Mr. Carlyle.

"Will you not come in and say good-night to mamma?"

"Not now; it is late. Tell her how glad I am things have gone off so well."

He set off at a strapping pace toward his home, and Barbara leaned on the gate to indulge in tears. Not a soul passed to interrupt her, and the justice did not come. What could have become of him? What could the Buck's Head be thinking of, to retain respectable elderly justices from their beds, who ought to go home early and set a good example to the parish? Barbara knew, the next day, that Justice Hare, with a few more gentlemen, had been seduced from the staid old inn to a friend's house, to an entertainment of supper, pipes and whist, two tables, penny points, and it was between twelve and one ere the party rose from the fascination. So far, well—as it happened.

Barbara knew not how long she lingered at that gate; ten minutes it may have been. Nobody summoned her; Mrs. Hare was indulging her grief in-doors, giving no thought to Barbara, and the justice did not make his appearance. Exceedingly surprised was Barbara to hear fast footsteps, and to find that they were Mr. Carlyle's.

"The more haste, the less speed, Barbara," he called out as he came up. "I had got half way home, and have had to come back again. When I went into your sitting-room, I left a small parcel, containing a parchment, on the sideboard. Will you get it for me?"

Barbara ran indoors and brought forth the parcel; and Mr. Carlyle, with a brief word of thanks, sped away with it.

She leaned on the gate as before, the ready tears flowing again; her heart was aching for Richard; it was aching for the disappointment the night had brought forth respecting Captain Thorn. Still nobody passed; still the steps of her father were not heard, and Barbara stayed on. But—what was that figure, cowering under shade of the hedge at a distance, and, seemingly, watching her? Barbara strained her eyes, while her heart beat as if it would burst its bounds. Surely, surely, it was her brother! What had he ventured back for?

Richard Hare it was. When fully assured that Barbara was standing there, he knew the justice was still absent, and ventured to advance. He appeared to be in a strange state of emotion, his breath labored, his whole frame trembling.

"Barbara! Barbara!" he ejaculated, "I have seen Thorn."

Barbara thought him demented. "I know you saw him," she slowly said; "but it was not the right Thorn."

"Not he," breathed Richard; "not the gentleman I saw to-night in Carlyle's office. I have seen the fellow himself. Why do you stare so at me, Barbara?"

Barbara was in truth scanning his face keenly. It appeared to her a strange tale that he was telling.

"When I left here, I cut across into Bean-lane, which is more private for me than this road," proceeded Richard. "Just as I got to that clump of trees—you know it, Barbara—I saw somebody coming toward me from a distance. I stepped back behind the trunks of the trees, into the shade of the hedge, for I don't care to be met, though I am disguised. He came along the middle of the lane, going toward West Lynne, and I looked out upon him. I knew him long before he was abreast of me; it was Thorn." Barbara made no comment; she was digesting the news.

"Every drop of blood within me began to tingle, and an impulse came upon me to spring upon him and accuse him of the murder of Hallijohn," went on Richard, in the same excited manner, "but I restrained it; or, perhaps my courage failed. One of the reproaches against me had used to be that I was a physical coward, you know, Barbara," he added, his tone changing to bitterness. "In a struggle, Thorn would have had the best of it; he is taller and more powerful than I, and might have battered me to death. A man who can commit one murder, won't hesitate at a second."

"Richard, do you think you could have been deceived?" she urged. "You had been talking of Thorn, and your thoughts were, naturally, bearing upon him. Imagination—"

"Be still, Barbara!" he interrupted, in a tone of pain. "Imagination, indeed! did I not tell you he was stamped here?" touching his breast. "Do you take me for a child, or an imbecile, that I should fancy I see Thorn in every shadow, or meet people where I do not? He had his hat off, as if he had been walking fast and had got hot—fast he was walking; and he carried the hat in one hand, and what looked like a small parcel. With the other hand he was pushing his hair from his brow—in this way—a peculiar way," added Richard, slightly lifting his own hat, and pushing back his hair. "By that action alone I should have known him, for he was always doing it in the old days. And there was his white hand, adorned with his diamond ring! Barbara, the diamond glittered in the moonlight!"

Richard's voice and manner were singularly earnest, and a conviction of the truth of his assertion flashed over his sister.

"I saw his face as plainly as I ever saw it—every feature—he is scarcely altered, save for a haggardness in his cheeks now. Barbara, you need not doubt me; I swear it was Thorn!"

She grew excited as he was; now that she believed the news, it was telling upon her; reason left its place, and impulse succeeded; Barbara did not wait to weigh her actions.

"Richard! Mr. Carlyle ought to know this. He has but just gone; we may overtake him, if we try."

Forgetting the strange appearance it would have—her flying along the public road at that hour of the night—should she meet any who knew her—forgetting what the consequences might be, did Justice Hare return and find her absent, Barbara set off with a fleet foot, Richard more stealthily following her—his eyes cast in all directions. Fortunately Barbara wore a bonnet and mantle, which she had put on to pace the garden with Mr. Carlyle; fortunately, also, the road was remarkably empty of passengers. She succeeded in reaching Mr. Carlyle before he turned into East Lynne gates.

"Barbara!" he exclaimed, in the extreme of astonishment. "Barbara!"

"Archibald! Archibald!" she panted, gasping for breath. "I am not out of my mind—but do come and speak to Richard! He has just seen the real Thorn."

Mr. Carlyle, amazed and wondering, turned back. They got over the field stile, nearly opposite the gates, drew behind the hedge, and there Richard told his tale. Mr. Carlyle did not appear to doubt it, as Barbara had done; perhaps he could not, in the face of Richard's agitated and intense earnestness.

"I am sure there is no one named Thorn in the neighborhood, save the gentleman you saw in my office to night, Richard," observed Mr. Carlyle, after some deliberation. "It is very strange."

"He may be staying here under a feigned name," replied Richard. "There can be no mistake that it is Thorne whom I have just met."

"How was he dressed? As a gentleman?"

"Catch him dressing as anything else," returned Richard. "He was in an evening suit of black, with a sort of thin overcoat thrown on, but it was flung back at the shoulders, and I distinctly saw his clothes. A gray alpaca, it looked like. As I have told Barbara, I should have known him by this action of the hand," imitating it, "as he pushed his hair off his forehead; it was the delicate white hand of the days gone by, Mr. Carlyle; it was the flashing diamond ring!"

Mr. Carlyle was silent; Barbara also; but the thoughts of both were busy. "Richard," observed the former, "I should advise you to remain a day or two in the neighborhood, and look out for this man. You may see him again, and may track him home; it is very desirable to find out who he really is, if practicable."

"But the danger?" urged Richard.

"Your fears magnify that. I am quite certain that nobody would know you in broad daylight, disguised as you are now. So many years have flown since, that people have forgotten to think about you, Richard."

But Richard could not be persuaded; he was full of fears. He described the man as accurately as he could to Mr. Carlyle and Barbara, and told them they must look out. With some trouble, Mr. Carlyle got from him an address in London, to which he might write, in case anything turned up, and Richard's presence should be necessary. He then once more said farewell, and quitted them, his way lying past East Lynne.

"And now to see you back, Barbara," said Mr. Carlyle.

"Indeed you shall not do it—late as it is, and tired as you must be. I came here alone; Richard did not keep near me."

"I cannot help your having come here alone; but you may rely upon it I do not suffer you to go back so. Nonsense, Barbara! Allow you to go along the high road by yourself at eleven o'clock at night! What are you thinking of?"

He gave Barbara his arm, and they pursued their way. "How late Lady Isabel will think you!" observed Barbara.

"I don't know that Lady Isabel has returned home yet. My being late once in a while is of no consequence."

Not another word was spoken, save by Barbara. "Whatever excuse can I make, should papa be come home?" Both were buried in their own reflections. "Thank you very greatly," she said as they reached her gate, and Mr. Carlyle finally turned away. Barbara stole in, and found the coast clear; her papa had not arrived.

Lady Isabel was in her dressing-room when Mr. Carlyle entered; she was seated at a table, writing. A few questions as to her evening's visit, which she answered in the briefest way possible, and then he asked her if she was not going to bed.

"By and by. I am not sleepy."

"I must go at once, Isabel, for I am dead tired." And no wonder.

"You can go," was her answer.

He bent down to kiss her, but she dexterously turned her face away. He supposed she felt hurt that he had not gone with her to the party, and placed his hand on her shoulder with a pleasant smile.

"You foolish child, to be aggrieved at that! It was no fault of mine, Isabel; I could not help myself. I will talk to you in the morning; I am too tired to-night. I suppose you will not be long."

Her head was bent over her writing again, and she made no reply. Mr. Carlyle went into the bed-room and shut the door. Some time after, Lady Isabel went softly up-stairs to Joyce's room. Joyce, fast in her first sleep, was suddenly aroused from it. There stood her mistress, a wax light in her hand. Joyce rubbed her eyes and collected her senses, and finally sat up in bed.

"My lady! Are you ill?"

"Ill? Yes; ill and wretched," answered Lady Isabel; and ill she did look, for she was perfectly white. "Joyce, I want a promise from you. If anything should happen to me, stay at East Lynne with my children."

Joyce stared in amazement, too astonished to make any reply.

"Joyce, you promised it once before; promise it again. Whatever betide you, you will stay with my children when I am gone."

"I will stay with them. But, oh, my lady, what can be the matter with you? Are you taken suddenly ill?"

"Good-bye, Joyce," murmured Lady Isabel, gliding from the chamber as quietly as she had entered it. And Joyce, after an hour of perplexity, dropped asleep again.

Joyce was not the only one whose rest was disturbed that eventful night. Mr. Carlyle himself awoke, and to his surprise found that his wife had not come to bed. He wondered what the time was, and struck his repeater. A quarter-past three!

Rising, he made his way to the door of his wife's dressing-room. It was in darkness; and, so far as he could judge by the absence of sound, unoccupied.

"Isabel."

No reply. Nothing but the echo of his own voice in the silence of the night.

He struck a match and lighted a taper, partially dressed himself, and went about to look for her. He feared she might have been taken ill; or else she had fallen asleep in some one of the rooms. But nowhere could he find her, and, feeling perplexed, he proceeded to his sister's chamber door and knocked.

Miss Carlyle was a slight sleeper, and rose up in bed at once. "Who's that?" called out she.

"It is only I, Cornelia," said Mr. Carlyle.

"You!" ejaculated Miss Corny, "what in the name of fortune do you want? You can come in."

Mr. Carlyle opened the door, and met the keen eyes of his sister bent on him from the bed. Her head was surmounted by a remarkable nightcap, at least a foot high.

"Is anybody ill?" she demanded.

"I think Isabel must be, I cannot find her."

"Not find her!" echoed Miss Corny. "Why, what's the time? Is she not in bed?"

"It is three o'clock. She has not been to bed. I cannot find her in the sitting-rooms; neither is she in the children's room."

"Then I'll tell you what it is, Archibald; she's gone worrying after Joyce. Perhaps the girl may be in pain to-night."

Mr. Carlyle was in full retreat toward Joyce's room, at this suggestion, when his sister called to him.

"If anything is amiss with Joyce, you come and tell me, Archibald, for I shall get up and see after her. The girl was my servant before she was your wife's."

He reached Joyce's room, and softly unlatched the door, fully expecting to find a light there, and his wife sitting by the bedside. There was no light, however, save that which came from the taper he held, and he saw no signs of his wife. Where was she? Was it probable that Joyce could tell him? He stepped inside the room and called to her.

Joyce started up in a fright, which changed to astonishment when she recognized her master. He inquired whether Lady Isabel had been there, and for a few moments Joyce did not answer. She had been dreaming of Lady Isabel, and could not at first detach the dream from the visit which had probably given rise to it.

"What did you say, sir? Is my lady worse?"

"I ask if she has been here. I cannot find her."

"Why, yes," said Joyce, now fully aroused. "She came here and woke me. That was just before twelve, for I heard the clock strike. She did not stay here a minute, sir."

"Woke you!" repeated Mr. Carlyle. "What did she want? what did she come here for?"

Thoughts are quick; imagination is still quicker; and Joyce was giving the reins to both. Her mistress's gloomy and ambiguous words were crowding on her brain. Three o'clock! and she had not been in bed, and was not to be found in the house? A nameless horror struggled to Joyce's face, her eyes were dilating with it; she seized and threw on a large flannel gown which lay on a chair by the bed, and forgetful of her master who stood there, out she sprang to the floor. All minor considerations faded to insignificance beside the terrible dread which had taken possession of her. Clasping the flannel gown tight round her with one hand, she laid the other on the arm of Mr. Carlyle.

"Oh, master! oh, master! she has destroyed herself! I see it all now."

"Joyce," sternly interrupted Mr. Carlyle.

"She has destroyed herself, as true as that we two are living here," persisted Joyce, her own face livid with emotion. "I can understand her words now; I could not before. She came here—and her face was like a corpse as the light fell upon it—saying she had come to get a promise from me to stay with her children when she was gone. I asked whether she was ill, and she answered, 'Yes, ill and wretched.' Oh, sir, may Heaven support you under this dreadful trial."

Mr. Carlyle felt bewildered; perplexed. Not a syllable did he believe. He was not angry with Joyce, for he thought she had lost her reason.

"It is so, sir, incredible as you may deem my words," pursued Joyce, wringing her hands. "My lady has been miserably unhappy; and that has driven her to it."

"Joyce, are you in your senses or out of them?" demanded Mr. Carlyle, a certain sternness in his tone. "Your lady miserably unhappy! what do you mean?"

Before Joyce could answer, an addition was received to the company in the person of Miss Carlyle, who appeared in black stockings and a shawl, and the lofty nightcap. Hearing voices in Joyce's room, which was above her own, and full of curiosity, she ascended, not choosing to be shut out from the conference.

"Whatever's up?" cried she. "Is Lady Isabel found?"

"She is not found, and she never will be found but in her winding-sheet," returned Joyce, whose lamentable and unusual state of excitement completely overpowered her customary quiet respect and plain good sense. "And, ma'am, I am glad that you have come up; for what I was about to say to my master I would prefer to say in your presence. When my lady is brought into this house, and laid before us dead, what will your feelings be? My master has done his duty by her in love; but you—you have made her life a misery. Yes, ma'am, you have."

"Hoity-toity!" uttered Miss Carlyle, staring at Joyce in consternation. "What is all this? Where's my lady?"

"She has gone and taken the life that was not hers to take," sobbed Joyce, "and I say she has been driven to it. She has not been allowed to indulge a will of her own, poor thing, since she came to East Lynne; in her own house she has been less free than either of her servants. You have curbed her, ma'am, and snapped at her, and made her feel that she was but a slave to your caprices and temper. All these years she has been crossed and put upon; everything, in short, but beaten—ma'am, you know she has—and she has borne it all in silence, like a patient angel, never, as I believe, complaining to master; he can say whether she has or not. We all loved her, we all felt for her; and my master's heart would have bled had he suspected what she had to put up with day after day, and year after year."

Miss Carlyle's tongue was glued to her mouth. Her brother, confounded at the rapid words, could scarcely gather in their sense.

"What is it that you are saying, Joyce?" he asked, in a low tone. "I do not understand."

"I have longed to say it to you many a hundred times, sir; but it is right that you should hear it, now things have come to this dreadful ending. Since the very night Lady Isabel came home here, your wife, she has been taunted with the cost she has brought to East Lynne and to you. If she wanted but the simplest thing, she was forbidden to have it, and told that she was bringing her husband to poverty. For this very dinner-party that she went to to-night, she wished for a new dress, and your cruel words, ma'am, forbade her having it. She ordered a new frock for Miss Isabel and you countermanded it. You have told her that master worked like a dog to support her extravagances; when you know that she never was extravagant; that none were less inclined to go beyond proper limits than she. I have seen her, ma'am, come away from your reproaches with the tears in her eyes, and her hands meekly clasped upon her bosom, as though life was heavy to bear. A gentle-spirited, high-born lady, as she was, could not fail to be driven to desperation; and I know that she has been."

Mr. Carlyle turned to his sister. "Can this be true?" he inquired, in a tone of deep agitation.

She did not answer. Whether it was the shade cast by the nightcap, or the reflection of the wax taper, her face looked of a green cast; and, for the first time probably in Miss Carlyle's life, her words failed her.

"May God forgive you, Cornelia!" he muttered, as he went out of the chamber.

He descended to his own. That his wife had laid violent hands upon herself, his reason utterly repudiated; she was one of the least likely to commit so great a sin. He believed that, in her unhappiness, she might have wandered out in the grounds, and was lingering there. By this time the house was aroused, and the servants were astir. Joyce—surely a supernatural strength was given her, for though she had been able to put her foot to the ground, she had not yet walked upon it—crept down-stairs, and went into Lady Isabel's dressing-room. Mr. Carlyle was hastily assuming the articles of attire he had not yet put on, to go out and search the grounds, when Joyce limped in, holding out a note. Joyce did not stand on ceremony that night.

"I found this in the dressing-glass drawer, sir. It is my lady's writing."

He took it in his hand and looked at the address—"Archibald Carlyle." Though a calm man, one who had his emotions under his own control, he was no stoic, and his fingers shook as he broke the seal.

"When years go on, and my children ask where their mother is, and why she left them, tell them that you, their father, goaded her to it. If they inquire what she is, tell them also, if you so will; but tell them, at the same time, that you outraged and betrayed her, driving her to the very depth of desperation, ere she quitted them in her despair."

The handwriting, his wife's, swam before the eyes of Mr. Carlyle. All, save the disgraceful fact that she had flown—and a horrible suspicion began to dawn upon him with whom—was totally incomprehensible. How had he outraged her? in what manner had he goaded her to it? The discomforts alluded to by Joyce, and the work of his sister, had evidently no part in this; yet, what had he done? He read the letter again, more slowly. No, he could not comprehend it; he had not the clue.

At that moment the voices of the servants in the corridor outside penetrated his ears. Of course they were peering about, and making their own comments. Wilson, with her long tongue, the busiest. They were saying that Captain Levison was not in his room; that his bed had not been slept in.

Joyce sat on the edge of a chair—she could not stand—watching her master with a blanched face. Never had she seen him betray agitation so powerful. Not the faintest suspicion of the dreadful truth yet dawned upon her. He walked to the door, the open note in his hand, then turned, wavered, and stood still, as if he did not know what he was doing. Probably he did not. Then he took out his pocket-book, put the note inside it, and returned it to his pocket, his hands trembling equally with his livid lips.

"You need not mention this," he said to Joyce, indicating the note. "It concerns myself alone."

"Sir, does it say she's dead?"

"She is not dead," he answered. "Worse than that," he added, in his heart.

"Why—who is this?" uttered Joyce.

It was little Isabel, stealing in with a frightened face, in her white nightgown. The commotion had aroused her.

"What is the matter?" she asked. "Where's mamma?"

"Child, you'll catch your death of cold," said Joyce. "Go back to bed."

"But I want mamma."

"In the morning, dear," evasively returned Joyce. "Sir, please, must not Miss Isabel go back to bed?"

Mr. Carlyle made no reply to the question; most likely he never heard its import. But he touched Isabel's shoulder to draw Joyce's attention to the child.

"Joyce—Miss Lucy, in future."

He left the room, and Joyce remained silent from amazement. She heard him go out at the hall door and bang it after him. Isabel—nay, we must say "Lucy" also—went and stood outside the chamber door; the servants, gathered in a group near, did not observe her. Presently she came running back, and disturbed Joyce from her revery.

"Joyce, is it true?"

"Is what true, my dear?"

"They are saying that Captain Levison has taken away my mamma."

Joyce fell back in her chair with a scream. It changed to a long, low moan of anguish.

"What has he taken her for? to kill her? I thought it was only kidnappers who took people."

"Child, child, go to bed."

"Oh, Joyce, I want mamma. When will she come back?"

Joyce hid her face in her hands to conceal its emotion from the motherless child. And just then Miss Carlyle entered on tiptoe, and humbly sat down on a low chair, her green face—green that night—in its grief, its remorse, and its horror, looking nearly as dark as her stockings.

She broke into a subdued wail.

"God be merciful to this dishonored house!"

Mr. Justice Hare turned into his gate between twelve and one—turned in with a jaunty air; for the justice was in spirits, he having won nine sixpences, and his friend's tap of ale having been unusually good. When he reached his bedroom, he told Mrs. Hare of a chaise and four which had gone tearing past at a furious pace as he was closing the gate, coming from the direction of East Lynne. He wondered where it could be going at that midnight hour, and whom it contained.

CHAPTER XXV.

RESULTS.

Nearly a year went by.

Lady Isabel Carlyle had spent it on the Continent—that refuge for such fugitives—now removing about from place to place with her companion, now stationary and alone. Quite half the time—taking one absence with the other—he had been away from her, chiefly in Paris, pursuing his own course and his own pleasure.

How fared it with Lady Isabel? Just as it must be expected to fare, and does fare, when a high-principled gentlewoman falls from her pedestal. Never had she experienced a moment's calm, or peace, or happiness, since the fatal night of quitting her home. She had taken a blind leap in a moment of wild passion, when, instead of the garden of roses it had been her persuader's pleasure to promise her she would fall into (but which, in truth, she had barely glanced at, for that had not been her moving motive,) she had found herself plunged into a yawning abyss of horror, from which there was nevermore any escape—nevermore, nevermore. The very instant—the very night of her departure, she awoke to what she had done. The guilt, whose aspect had been shunned in the prospective, assumed at once its true frightful color, the blackness of darkness; and a lively remorse, a never-dying anguish, took possession of her soul forever. Oh, reader, believe me! Lady—wife—mother! should you ever be tempted to abandon your home, so will you awake. Whatever trials may be the lot of your married life, though they may magnify themselves to your crushed spirit as beyond the nature, the endurance of woman to bear, resolve to bear them; fall down upon your knees, and pray to be enabled to bear them—pray for patience—pray for strength to resist the demon that would tempt you to escape; bear unto death, rather than forfeit your fair name and your good conscience; for be assured that the alternative, if you do rush on to it, will be found worse than death.

Poor thing—poor Lady Isabel! She had sacrificed husband, children, reputation, home, all that makes life of value to woman. She had forfeited her duty to God, had deliberately broken his commandments, for the one poor miserable sake of flying with Francis Levison. But the instant the step was irrevocable, the instant she had left the barrier behind, repentance set in. Even in the first days of her departure, in the fleeting moments of abandonment, when it may be supposed she might momentarily forget conscience, it was sharply wounding her with its adder stings; and she knew that her whole future existence, whether spent with that man or without him, would be a dark course of gnawing retribution.

Nearly a year went by, save some six or

eight weeks, when, one morning in July, Lady Isabel made her appearance in the breakfast-room. They were staying now at Grenoble. Taking that town on their way from Switzerland, through Savoy, it had been Captain Levison's pleasure to halt in it. He engaged apartments furnished, in the vicinity of the Place Grenette. A windy old house it was, full of doors and windows, chimneys and cupboards; and he said he should remain there. Lady Isabel remonstrated; she wished to go farther on, where they might get quicker news from England; but her will now was as nothing. She was looking like the ghost of her former self. Talk of her having looked ill when she took that voyage over the water with Mr Carlyle; you should have seen her now—misery marks the countenance worse than sickness. Her face was white and worn, her hands were thin, her eyes were sunken and surrounded by a black circle—care was digging caves for them. A stranger might have attributed these signs to her state of health; she knew better—knew that they were the effects of her wretched mind and heart.

It was very late for breakfast, but why should she rise early only to drag through another endless day? Languidly she took her seat at the table, just as Captain Levison's servant, a Frenchman, whom he had engaged in Paris, entered the room with two letters.

"Pont de gezette, Pierre," she said.

"Non, miladi."

And all the time the sly fox had got the "Times" in his coat pocket. But he was only obeying the orders of his master. It had been Captain Levison's recent pleasure that the newspapers should not be seen by Lady Isabel until he had overlooked them. You will speedily gather his motive.

Pierre departed toward Captain Levison's room, and Lady Isabel took up the letters and examined their superscription with interest. It was known to her that Mr. Carlyle had not lost a moment in seeking a divorce, and the announcement that it was granted was now daily expected. She was anxious for it—anxious that Captain Levison should render her the only reparation in his power before the birth of her unhappy child. Little thought she that there was not the least intention on his part to make her reparation, any more than he had made it to others who had gone before her. She had become painfully aware of the fact that the man for whom she had chosen to sacrifice herself was bad, but she had not learned all his badness yet.

Captain Levison, unwashed, unshaven, with a dressing-gown loosely flung on, lounged in to breakfast. The deshabille gentleman before the world are frequently the greatest slovens in domestic privacy. He wished her good-morning in a careless tone of apathy, and she as apathetically answered to it.

"Pierre says there are some letters," he began. "What a precious hot day it is!"

"Two," was her short reply, her tone sullen as his. For if you think, my good reader, that the flattering words, the ardent expressions, which usually attend the first gush of these promising unions, last out a whole ten months, you are in egregious error. Compliments, the very opposite to honey and sweetness, have generally supervened long before. Try it, if you don't believe me.

"Two letters," she continued, "and they are both in the same handwriting—your solicitor's, I believe."

Up went his head at the last word, and he made a sort of grab at the letters, stalked to the farthest window, opened one, and glanced over its contents.

"Sir—We beg to inform you that the suit, Carlyle vs. Carlyle, is at an end. The divorce was pronounced without opposition. According to your request, we hasten to forward you the earliest intimation of the fact.

"We are, sir, faithfully yours,

"Moss & Grab.

"F. Levison, Esq."

It was over, then, and all claim to the name of Carlyle was declared to have been forfeited by the Lady Isabel forever. Captain Levison folded up the letter, and placed it securely in an inner pocket.

"Is there any news?" she asked.

"News!"

"Of the divorce, I mean."

"Tush!" was the response of Captain Levison, as if wishing to imply that the divorce was yet a far off affair, and he proceeded to open the other letter.

"Sir—After sending off our last, dated to-day, we received tidings of the demise of Sir Peter Levison, your great uncle. He expired this afternoon in town, where he had come for the benefit of medical advice. We have much pleasure in congratulating you upon your accession to the title and estates, and beg to state that should it not be convenient to you to visit England at present, we will be happy to transact all necessary matters for you, on your favoring us with instructions. And we remain, sir, most faithfully yours,

"Moss & Grab.

"Sir Francis Levison, Bart."

The outside of this letter was superscribed as the other, "F. Levison, Esquire," no doubt with view to its more certain delivery.

"At last, thank the pigs!" was the gentleman's euphonious expression, as he tossed the letter open upon the breakfast-table.

"The divorce is [granted!" feverishly uttered Lady Isabel.

He made no reply, but seated himself to breakfast.

"May I read the letter? Is it for me to read?"

"For what else should I have thrown it there?" he said.

"A few days ago you put a letter, open, on the table, I thought for me; but when I took it up you swore at me. Do you remember it, Captain Levison?"

"You may drop that odious title, Isabel, which has stuck to me too long. I own a better, now."

"What one, pray?"

"You can look, and see."

Lady Isabel took up the letter and read it. Sir Francis swallowed down his coffee, and rang the table bell—the only bell you generally meet with in France. Pierre answered it.

"Put me up a change of things," said he, in French. "I start for England in an hour."

"It was very well," Pierre responded; and departed to do it. Lady Isabel waited till the man was gone, and then spoke, a faint flush of emotion appearing in her cheeks.

"You do not mean what you say? You will not leave me yet?"

"I cannot do otherwise," he answered. "There's a mountain of business to be attended to, now that I am come into power."

"Moss & Grab say they will not for you. Had there been a necessity for your going, they would not have offered that."

"Ay, they do say so—with a nice eye to the feathering of their pockets! Go to England I must; it is absolutely essential. Besides, I should not choose for the old man's funeral to take place without me."

"Then I must accompany you," she urged.

"I wish you would not talk nonsense, Isabel. Are you in a state to travel night and day? Neither would home be agreeable to you just awhile."

She felt the force of the objections. Resuming after a moment's pause—"Were you to go to England, you might not be back in time."

"In time for what?"

"Oh, how can you ask?" she rejoined, in a sharp tone of reproach; "you know too well. In time to make me your wife when the divorce shall appear."

"I must chance it," coolly observed Sir Francis.

"Chance it! chance the legitimacy of the child? You must assure that, before all things. More terrible to me than all the rest would it be, if—"

"Now don't put yourself in a fever, Isabel. How many times am I to be compelled to beg that of you? It does no good. Is it my fault, if I am called suddenly to England?"

"Have you no pity for your child?" she urged in agitation. "Nothing can repair the injury, if you once suffer it to come upon him. He will be a by-word amidst men throughout his life."

"You had better have written to the law lords to urge on the divorce," he returned. "I cannot help the delay."

"There has been no delay; quite the contrary. But it may be expected hourly now."

"You are worrying yourself for nothing, Isabel. I shall be back in time."

He quitted the room as he spoke, and Lady Isabel remained in it, the image of despair. Nearly an hour elapsed when she remembered the breakfast things, and rang for them to be removed. A maid-servant entered to do it, and she thought how ill miladi looked.

"Where was Pierre?" miladi asked.

"Pierre was making himself ready to attend monsieur to England."

Scarcely had she closed the door upon herself and the tray when Sir Francis Levison appeared, equipped for travelling. "Good-bye, Isabel," said he, without further circumlocution or ceremony.

Lady Isabel, excited beyond all self-control, slipped the bolt of the door; and, half leaning against it, half leaning at his feet, held up her hands in supplication.

"Francis, have you any consideration left for me—any in the world?"

"How can you be so absurd, Isabel? Of course I have," he continued, in a peevish, though kind tone, as he took hold of her hands to raise her.

"No, not yet. I will remain here until you say you will wait another day or two. You know that the French Protestant minister is prepared to marry us the instant news of the divorce shall arrive; if you do care still for me, you will wait.'

"I cannot wait," he replied, his tone changing to one of determination. "It is useless to urge it."

He broke from her and left the room, and in another minute had left the house, Pierre attending him. A feeling amounting to a conviction, rushed over the unhappy lady that she had seen him for the last time until it was too late.

She was right. It was too late by weeks and months.

December came in. The Alps were covered with snow; Grenoble borrowed the shade, and looked cold, and white, and sleety, and sloppy; the wide gutters, running through the middle of certain of the streets, were unusually black, and the people crept along, especially dismal. Close to the fire, in the barn of a French bed room, full of windows, and doors, and draughts, with its wide hearth and its wide chimney, into which we could put four or five of our English ones, shivered Lady Isabel Vane. She had an invalid cap on, and a thick woollen invalid shawl, and she shook and shivered perpetually; though she had drawn so close to the wood fire that there was a danger of her petticoats igniting, and the attendant had frequently to spring up and interpose between them and the crackling logs. Little did it seem to matter to Lady Isabel; she sat in one position, her countenance the picture of stony despair.

So had she sat, so looking, since she began to get better. She had had a long illness, terminating in low fever; but the attendants whispered amongst themselves that miladi would soon get about if she would only rouse herself. She had got so far about as to sit up in the windy chamber; and it seemed to be to her a matter of perfect indifference whether she ever got out of it.

This day she had partaken of her early dinner—such as it was, for appetite failed—and had dozed asleep in the arm-chair, when a noise arose from below, like a carriage driving into the court yard through the porte cochère. It instantly aroused her. Had he come?

"Who is it?" she asked of the nurse.

"Miladi, it is monsieur; and Pierre is with him. I have begged miladi often and often not to fret, for that monsieur would surely come; miladi sees I am right."

The girl departed, closing the door, and Lady Isabel sat looking at it, schooling her patience. Another moment, and it was flung open.

Sir Francis Levison approached to greet her as he came in. She waved him off, begging him, in a subdued, quiet tone not to draw too near, as any little excitement made her faint now. He took a seat opposite to her, and began pushing the logs together with his boot, as he explained that he really could not get away from town before.

"Why did you come now?" she quietly rejoined.

"Why did I come?" repeated he. "Are these all the thanks a fellow gets for travelling in this inclement weather? I thought you would at least have been glad to welcome me, Isabel."

"Sir Francis," she rejoined, speaking still with almost unnatural calmness, as she continued to do throughout the interview—though the frequent changes in her countenance, and the movement of her hands, when she laid them from time to time on her chest to keep down its beating, told what effort the struggle cost her—"Sir Francis, I am glad, for one reason, to welcome you; we must come to an understanding one with the other; and, so far, I am pleased that you are here. It was my intention to have communicated with you by letter as soon as I found myself capable of the necessary exertion, but your visit has removed the necessity. I wish to deal with you quite unreservedly, without concealment, or deceit; I must request you so to deal with me."

"What do you mean by 'deal'?" he asked, settling the logs to his apparent satisfaction.

"To speak and act. Let there be plain truth between us at this interview, if there never has before."

"I don't understand you."

"Naked truth, unglossed over," she pursued, bending her eyes determinedly upon him. "It must be."

"With all my heart," returned Sir Francis. "It is you who have thrown out the challenge, mind."

"When you left in July you gave me a sacred promise to come back in time for our marriage; you know what I mean when I say 'in time,' but—"

"Of course I meant to do so when I gave the promise," he interrupted. "But no sooner had I set foot in London than I found myself overwhelmed with business, and away from it I could not get. Even now I can only remain with you a couple of days, for I must hasten back to town."

"You are breaking faith already," she said, after hearing him calmly to the end. "Your words are not words of truth, but of deceit. You did not intend to be back in time for the marriage, or otherwise you would have caused it to take place ere you went at all."

"What fancies you do take up!" uttered Francis Levison.

"Some time subsequent to your departure," she quietly went on, "one of the maids was setting to rights the clothes in your dressing room, and she brought me a letter she found in one of the pockets. I saw by the date, that it was one of those two which you received on the morning of your departure. It contained the information that the divorce was pronounced."

She spoke so quietly, so apparently without feeling or passion, that Sir Francis was agreeably astonished. He should have less trouble in throwing off the mask. But he was an ill-tempered man; and to hear that the letter had been found, to have the falseness of his fine protestations and promises laid bare, did not improve his temper now. Lady Isabel continued—

"It would have been better to have undeceived me then; to have told me that the hopes I was cherishing for the sake of the unborn child were worse than vain."

"I did not judge so," he replied. "The excited state you then appeared to be in, would have precluded your listening to any sort of reason."

Her heart beat a little quicker; but she stilled it.

"You deem that it was not in reason that I should aspire to be made the wife of Sir Francis Levison?"

He rose and began kicking at the logs; with the heel of his boot this time.

"Well, Isabel, you must be aware that it is an awful sacrifice for a man in my position to marry a divorced woman."

The hectic flushed into her thin cheeks, but her voice sounded calm as before.

"When I expected, or wished, for the sacrifice, it was not for my own sake; I told you so then. But it was made; and the child's inheritance is that of sin and shame. There he lies."

Sir Francis half turned to where she pointed, and saw an infant's cradle by the side of the bed. He did not take the trouble to look at it.

"I am the representative now of an ancient and respected baronetcy," he resumed, in a tone as of apology for his previous heartless words, "and to make you my wife would so offend all my family, that—"

"Stay," interrupted Lady Isabel, "you need not trouble yourself to find needless excuses. Had you taken this journey for the purpose of making me your wife, were you to propose to do so this day, and bring a clergyman into the room to perform the ceremony, it would be futile. The injury to the child can never be repaired; and, for myself, I cannot imagine any fate in life worse than the being compelled to pass it with you."

"If you have taken this aversion to me, it cannot be helped," he coolly said; inwardly congratulating himself, let us not doubt, at being spared the work of trouble he had anticipated. "You made commotion enough once about me making you 'reparation.'"

She shook her head.

"All the reparation in your power to make, all the reparation that the whole world can invent, could not undo my sin. It and its effects must lie upon me forever."

"Oh—sin!" was the derisive exclamation. "You ladies should think of that beforehand."

"Yes," she sadly answered. "May Heaven help all to do so, who may be tempted as I was."

"If you mean that as a reproach to me, it's rather out of place," chafed Sir Francis, whose fits of ill temper were under no control, and who never, when in them, cared what he said to outrage the feelings of another. "The temptation to sin, as you call it, lay not in my persuasions half so much as in your jealous anger toward your husband."

"Quite true," was her reply.

"And I believe you were on the wrong scent, Isabel—if it will be any satisfaction to you to hear it. Since we are mutually on this complimentary discourse, it is of no consequence to smooth over facts."

"I do not understand what you would imply," she said, drawing her shawl round her with a fresh shiver. "How on the wrong scent?"

"With regard to your husband and that Hare girl. You were blindly, outrageously jealous of him."

"Go on."

"And I say I think you were on the wrong scent. I do not believe Carlyle ever thought of the girl—in that way."

"What do you mean?" she gasped.

"They had a secret between them. Not of love. A secret of business; and those interviews they had together, her dancing attendance upon him perpetually, related to that, and that alone."

Her face was more flushed than it had been throughout the interview. He spoke quietly now, quite in an equable tone of reasoning; it was his way when the ill-temper was upon him; and the calmer he spoke the more cutting were his words. He need not have told her this.

"What was the secret?" she inquired in a low tone.

"Nay, I can't explain all; they did not take me into their confidence. They did not even take you; better, perhaps that they had though, as things have turned out, or seem to be turning. There's some disreputable secret attaching to the Hare family, and Carlyle was acting in it, under the rose, for Mrs. Hare. She could not seek out Carlyle herself, so she sent the young lady. That's all I know."

"How did you know it?"

"I had reason to think so."

"What reason? I must request you to tell me."

"I overheard scraps of their conversation now and then in those meetings, and so gathered my done minion."

"You told a different tale to me, Sir Francis," was her remark, as she lifted her indignant eyes toward him.

Sir Francis laughed.

"All stratagems are fair in love and war."

She dared not immediately trust herself to reply, and a silence ensued. Sir Francis broke it, pointing with his left thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the cradle.

"What have you named that young article there?"

"The name which ought to have been his by inheritance—'Francis Levison,'" was her icy answer.

"Let's see—how old is he now?"

"He was born on the last day of August."

Sir Francis threw up his arms and stretched himself, as if a fit of idleness had overtaken him; then advanced to the cradle and pulled down the clothes.

"Who is he like, Isabel? My handsome self?"

"Were he like you, in spirit, I would pray that he might die ere he could speak or think," she burst forth. And then remembering the resolution marked out for herself, subsided outwardly into calmness again.

"What else?" retorted Sir Francis. "You know my disposition pretty well by this time, Isabel, and may be sure that if you deal out small change to me, you will get it back again with interest."

She made no reply. Sir Francis put the clothes back over the sleeping child, returned to the fire, and stood a few moments with his back to it.

"Is my room prepared for me, do you know?" he presently asked.

"No, it is not," she quietly rejoined. "These apartments are mine now; they have been transferred into my name, and they can never again afford you accommodation. Will you be so obliging—I am not strong—as to hand me that writing case?"

Sir Francis walked to the table she indicated, which was at the far end of the great barn of a room, and taking the writing-case from it, gave it to her.

She reached her keys from the stand at her elbow, unlocked the case, and took from it some bank-notes.

"I received these from you a month ago," she said. "They came by post."

"And never had the grace to acknowledge them," he returned, in a sort of mock reproachful tone.

"Forty pounds. That was the amount, was it not?"

"I believe so."

"Allow me to return them to you. Count them."

"Return them to me—for what?" inquired Sir Francis, in amazement.

"I have no longer anything whatever to do with you, in any way. Do not make my arm ache, holding out the notes to you so long! Take them!"

Sir Francis took the notes from her hand and placed them on the stand, near to her.

"If it be your wish that all relations should end between us, why, let it be so," he said. "I must confess I think it may be the wisest course, as things have come to this pass, for a cat-and-dog life, which would seemingly be ours, is not agreeable. Remember, though, that it is your doing not mine. But you cannot think I am going to see you starve, Isabel. A sum—we will fix upon its amount amicably—shall be placed to your credit half-yearly, and—"

"I beg of you to cease!" she passionately interrupted. "What do you take me for?"

"Take you for! Why, how can you live? You have no fortune—you must receive assistance from some one."

"I will not receive it from you. If the whole world denied me, and I could find no help from strangers, or means of earning my own bread, and it was necessary that I should still exist, I would apply to my husband for means, rather than to you. In saying this, it ought to convince you that the topic may cease."

"Your husband?" sarcastically rejoined Sir Francis. "Generous man!"

A flush, deep and painful, dyed her cheeks. "I should have said my late husband. You need not have reminded me of the mistake."

"If you will accept nothing for yourself, you must for the child. He, at any rate, falls to my share. I shall give you a few hundreds a year with him."

She beat her hands before her, as if beating off the man and his words. "Not a farthing, now or ever. Were you to attempt to send money for him, I would throw it into the nearest river. Whom do you take me for? What do you take me for?" she repeated, rising in her bitter mortification. "If you have put me beyond the pale of the world, I am still Lord Mount Severn's daughter!"

"You did as much toward putting yourself beyond its pale, as—"

"Don't I know it? Have I not said so?" she sharply interrupted. And then she sat, striving to calm herself, clasping together her shaking hands.

"Well, if you will persist in this perverse resolution, I cannot mend it," resumed Sir Francis. "In a little time, you may probably wish to recall it; in which case, a line, addressed to me, at my banker's, will—"

Lady Isabel drew herself up. "Put away these notes, if you please," she interrupted, not allowing him to finish his sentence.

He took out his pocket-book, and placed the bank notes within it.

"Your clothes—those you left here when you went to England—you will have the goodness to order Pierre to take away this afternoon. And now, Sir Francis, I believe that is all; we will part."

"To remain mortal enemies from henceforth? Is that to be it?"

"To be strangers," she replied, correcting him. "I wish you a good day."

"So, you will not even shake hands with me, Isabel?"

"I would prefer not."

And thus they parted. Sir Francis left the room, but not immediately the house. He went into a distant apartment, and, calling the servants before him—there were but two—gave them each a year's wages in advance. "That they might not have to trouble miladi for money," he said to them. Then he paid a visit to the landlord, and handed him, likewise, a year's rent in advance, making the same remark. After that, he ordered dinner at a hotel, and the same night he and Pierre departed on their journey home again, Sir Francis thanking his lucky star that he had so easily got rid of a vexatious annoyance.

And Lady Isabel? She passed her evening alone, sitting in the same place, close to the fire and the sparks. The attendant remonstrated that miladi was remaining up too late for her strength; but miladi ordered her and her remonstrance into an adjoining room.

When Lady Isabel lay down to rest, she sank into somewhat calmer sleep than she had known of late; also into a dream. She thought she was back at East Lynne—not back, in one sense, but that she seemed never to have gone away from it—walking in the flower-garden with Mr. Carlyle, while the three children played on the lawn. Her arm was within her husband's, and he was relating something to her. What the news was, she could not remember afterward, excepting that it was connected with the office and old Dill, and that Mr Carlyle laughed when he told it. They appeared to be interrupted by the crying of Archibald; and, turning to the lawn to ask what was the matter, she awoke. Alas! it was the actual crying of her own child which awoke her—this last child—the ill-fated little being in the cradle beside her. But, for a single instant, she forgot recent events and doings, she believed she was indeed in her happy home at East Lynne, a proud mother, an honored wife. An recollection flashed across her, with its piercing stings, she gave vent to a shriek or cry of agony, of unavailing despair.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 31.)

THE BROKEN BRIDGE.

I reached the little Welsh town of Abermaw one boisterous afternoon in autumn at about four o'clock, after a long tramp over the mountains. Abermaw, as its name implies, is situated at the mouth of the river Maw, which here forms an estuary about a mile broad. The town itself faces the open sea; the harbor lies about half a mile up the estuary; whilst between the town and the harbor was the outline of a huge bridge then in course of construction. Abermaw is a little bit of a place, consisting of an hotel, a few shops, a church, a chapel of ease, and half-a-dozen lodging-houses, which are built on a platform of sand, the work of the sea and river in concert or in conflict. The old fishing village is perched upon the rocks above, tier upon tier, the lintel-stone of one house looking down the chimney of the house below, and is reached by rude rocky steps, where the children of the village swarm up and down, and yet rarely contrive to break their necks.

The further shore of the estuary was a triangular spit of sand, across which was a track that joined the high-road at a point where it commenced to mount the shoulder of a wave-beaten cliff on the face of which it was terraced; for on the further or southern side of the estuary the sea washed up to the very base of the rocks that formed the ragged fringe of this iron-bound coast. There was a ferry from the Abermaw side to the spit of sand, and thence, by a detour of several miles, you could make your way along the southern bank of the river to the town of Dolbadarn. As the crow flies, Dolbadarn was not more than seven miles distant from Abermaw, but it could not be reached by any practicable track in less than from ten to eleven miles; for the river took a wide sweep to the north, and, in addition to the detour thus caused, the first bridge where the road crossed the river was at a point a good way wide of Dolbadarn, so that, altogether, the distance was lengthened to that above mentioned. On the other hand, if you crossed the ferry, and made your way across the sand to the highway, the distance was much the same, and this latter route was of course only practicable to foot-passengers.

Although I had reached Abermaw in the guise of a free and independent pedestrian, yet my liberty was of a restricted nature. My wife and children had gone by the regular stage-route to Dolbadarn, and I had crossed the mountains by a wild foot-track, promising to join them that night at Dolbadarn in time for dinner; for I had intended to take the coach at Abermaw, which would have brought me to the end of my journey in good time. This coach, however, I had missed by just five minutes. My walk that day had been a long one, and I was rather fagged, and should probably have hired a conveyance for the remainder of the distance, but the manner of the landlord of the hotel was so abrupt, and, as I thought, offensive, in answer to my inquiries, that I resolved, come what might, he should not be a sixpence richer for me.

I walked on till I came to a little public-house at the further end of the town, close to the rough quay that bordered the estuary, and turned in there for a glass of beer and a crust of bread and cheese, as well as for the purpose of making a few inquiries as to my route.

"Well, indeed," said Evan Rowlands, the landlord, "there's no possible way to get to Dolbadarn to-night, not unless you take a car from Mr. Coones."

"I shan't have a car from Mr. Jones," I said. "Can't I hire one anywhere else?"

Evan shook his head; there was no horse or car in Abermaw except the horses and cars owned by Mr. Jones.

"Very well, then," I said, I would walk.

"Not possible," said Evan; "it's more than ten miles."

"I won't mind the distance, only I've walked five-and-twenty miles already."

"Dear me!" said Evan, "you're very strong!"

"Can't I get a boat part of the way?" I suggested.

Evan put his head out at the door. "No," he cried; "the tide has just turned; it is running down very strong."

"Then there is nothing for it but walking," I said. "I must go round by Llanfair Bridge."

But I didn't like the idea of this ten miles walk through the mist and gathering gloom.

"Stop!" said Evan. "Why shouldn't you go over the bridge—the railway bridge?"

"Is the bridge passable, then? Can you get across?"

"Oh, dear, yes. The gentlemen from the railway come over very often, and to-day Hugh Pugh and David Morris did come over from the Dolbrith Quarry."

"And what distance will that save me?"

"Four or five miles; yes, sure."

"And the bridge is quite safe?"

"Oh, it is very strong and safe indeed; or how should Hugh Pugh and David Morris come over, and the railway gentlemen, too; yes, sure."

"And the railway people won't object to my going over?"

"They've all knocked off work for the day, and there won't be a soul near the bridge but yourself."

"Then of course I'll go over it."

But I found that there were certain difficulties in the way. The railway bridge crossed the estuary at a point about a quarter of a mile from the little inn that formed the extremity of the town, at a spot where its channel was narrowed to a distance of about three-quarters of a mile. The unfinished bridge was constructed of piles firmly driven into the bed of the river, from which rose huge piers of timber to the height of about forty feet. Along these were massive balks, destined to support the platform of the bridge, whilst each pier was strengthened and supported, and strengthened and supported its neighbor, by an arrangement of cross-beams and ties.

When I reached the bank of the river with my guide, Evan Rowlands, I found that there was a considerable distance between the shore and the nearest pier—about a hundred yards. Evan, however, was prepared with a plan for reaching it. A friend of his was the master of the little sloop, the Ann Jones, which was lying in the tiny creek above. He and his mate were now on board her, and they had got their little dingy with them. Evan would borrow the boat, and drop down with the stream, and deposit me at the foot of the nearest pier.

"But why not ferry me right over the river?" I asked.

"Not possible," said Evan. There were shallows and quicksands on the other side, which at this time of the tide were very dangerous.

So we made our way along the road which overlooks the estuary, till we came to the little harbor. Evan had no difficulty in borrowing the dingy, and we were soon afloat, shooting quickly down the stream.

It was almost dark now, for although the sun was not down, the storm that was gathering up on the horizon obscured his light. Great volumes of cloud and vapor were driving up before the wind, which howled and moaned intermittently, as blast succeeded blast and died away again. The wind and the tide in opposition made the water pretty rough, and our boat danced up and down in a very lively way. Presently the black skeleton of the bridge loomed upon us through the mist, and Evan dexterously brought up his boat in the little eddy that was formed by the abutments of the pier, and then he called on me to jump from the stern of the dingy on to a cross-piece that formed a sort of platform a foot or so from the water's edge.

I jumped, and landed safely on the balk, and then I found that my way upward was by climbing the nearest pier, across which were nailed rough, irregular staves, which constituted what is called a workman's ladder. I had no intention of undertaking any acrobatic feats, and the idea of climbing up to that giddy height by such rough, unreliable supports was distasteful enough. I wouldn't try it. I would go back in the boat to dry land once more. But the boat had spun away on the tide, and was now far out of earshot, or indeed eyeshot either. There I stood, then, in the midst of a rushing, raging sea, upon a balk of timber, embracing a huge black pier, the head of which was lost in the gloom and mist overhead. I couldn't stay here; I must get across the bridge at all hazards, and my only way was upward.

Up I went slowly, step by step, testing each frail splintered stave ere I trusted my weight to it. More than one broke away in my hands, and fell into the sea below. But when I reached the top, I thought, then all this danger would be over. I should find a firm, secure platform—a rail, or, at least, a rope for the hand.

When I came to the top of the pier, I saw stretched out before me a beam, suspended, as it seemed, in mid-air, a narrow beam—more like a rope, it seemed to me—stretched over this wild abyss of raging waves—that, and nothing else. There were footprints in the narrow ridge of timber—it was not more than two feet wide at the broadest—and the sight of them gave me courage. Men had passed over here before me; I would pass too. And so, without giving myself a moment more to think, I stepped; and the moment when letting go with my hands, I stood upon that topmost round of the ladder, and balanced myself for an instant, as I placed my foot upon the plank—that moment in which I seemed to quiver, and sway to and fro, high up on this giddy perch, beyond the ken of any human eye—that moment of dizzy terror, of strange whirling thoughts, of instincts to cast myself headlong into the sea, was in sensation as any ordinary week of placid being; and yet it came and went like any other moment, and I stood erect upon the beam, and began my perilous way.

I heard the wind far off, bellowing among the breakers on the bar; I heard it screeching and howling over the flats. I felt a moment's calm, the strange unnatural hush, and then the rush and leap of the storm, as it hurtled by me. Dashing the salt spray into my eyes, it came, seizing all the loose corners of my apparel, and cracking them like whip-lashes, carrying away my feeble breath in its wild course, but leaving me—yes, thank God—leaving me still balanced on my plank.

The gust had cleared the mists for a space, and I could now see before me, though indistinctly enough, but I could see that there was only another length of unprotected balk; beyond that was a broad, safe platform of timber, stretched from pier to pier. Oh, to feel that platform safe under my feet! I traversed the balk almost at a run. I must reach safety before there came another gust of that fierce wind.

I heard it coming now, but I was almost home—yes, home, for that rough, unsheltered platform, on this rude night, seemed like a home to me. I was stepping firmly and quickly along. Suddenly a chasm seemed to open under my feet—a horrible chasm. The beam on which I stood came suddenly to an end. For a space eight feet it had been cut away, and there was nothing to help me over this dreadful gap. Without wings, it were impossible to pass.

All hope left me. I knew that to retrace my steps was impossible to me. Even if I reached the end from which I had started, I should be no better off than here, and the hopelessness of the position weakened my every nerve. Once more I heard the wind rising, and hurtling along toward me. I would cling to life as long as I could. I knelt down on the wet, slippery balk, clasped it with my arms, sat astride it. The gust came up fierce and strong, passed over me once more—once more spared me.

But I felt I could not survive another such attack; I should be blown away like a leaf. And yet there was no hope of escape—none. It was only a question of moments how long, with stiffening limbs, I could cling to this rough beam; then a plunge into darkness.

Still I had time to think. What were my thoughts? A helpless sense of cruelty, of the horrible unfeelingness and malignity of this hurtling wind, of those raging waters. A sad mortification, too, and sense of injustice, that I should lose my life for nothing; a pleasant ramble turned to such an evil end. Of the past I thought nothing; it was nothing to me now—a tale that was told; that was all. Of the future, nothing either, except a dim and awful wonder. But plainly, vividly before my eyes I saw the figure of my wife, sitting at work by the fire, waiting and watching for me—for me, who never should come. That was the bitterness of it.

And yet withal I was not unconscious of a certain vague sense of the ludicrous—of scorn of myself, that I should be thus stuck up astride a beam, like some lad at play, a sport for the buffetings of the elements. With this, too, an unspeakable rage; a kind of crushed defiance, a revolt against the doom which was imminent, a revolt which felt itself hopeless and useless from its beginning.

Whilst all this storm of conflicting thoughts was whirling through my brain, the turmoil outside was diminishing. The wind had hushed for a while, and across my face there came for a moment a sort of ruddy glow, the last beams of the sun setting rapidly into the sea. The vapors divided for a moment, the huge dark mass of a mountain frowned down upon me—for a moment only—then the clouds encompassed me once more—the glow died away—the awful gloomy grey of night began to gather in upon me like a net.

Should I drop into the sea, and end it all? To die in the dark would be more horrible than anything else. Even on the quietest, most resigned death bed, the loss of light is the most disquieting trouble to the departing soul. Light! more light! is the last cry of the spirit in extremity. And now it seemed as though nature had determined to spare me no pang of all the gathering horrors of my doom. Darkness and despair were settling down upon my soul.

Then came the storm once more with a

rush of gathered rain, a howl, a shout, a roar of triumph, as the shrill wind trumpeted past, precursor of more furious blast. I could bear no more. A sapless, nerveless form I was swept from the beam like a withered leaf from a branch, and I fell—catching at some cross beams as I fell, but losing my hold in a moment, and dropping helplessly down.

Once more consciousness returned. A vague silvery light was diffused about me, above were stars shining, huge balks of timber glimmered overhead. I was stretched upon a bed of wet sand, lying on my back, looking up into the sky.

I was not dead, then. No! Was I maimed, crushed? I drew up one limb after another, fearing lest a sudden shoot of agony should betray some grievous hurt. But no! I was sound in limb; and as I raised myself and looked about, I felt that, except for dizziness and a wonderful ringing that was ceaselessly going on in my head, I was unhurt. And I was saved? That was as might happen.

When I rose and stood upon my feet, I looked around me, and saw that I had fallen upon a little island, a narrow spit of sand that had formed in the eddy caused by the pile of the bridge. On each side of it ran a strong and rapid current. All this I saw by the light of the moon, sometimes bright, sometimes obscured, as she parted her way among the fast driving clouds.

Distantly across the waters shone the lights of the little town. It had its gas lamps, which sparkled brilliantly in the night; and from out of the black rocks which showed against the sky-line, here and there the soft light of a candle in a cottage window gleamed like a fairy lamp.

On the other side of the estuary there were no lights; but the straining eye might discern the gloom of high hills, that seemed, indeed, only like darksome chasms in the sky; but as I watched, I saw a tiny star that was gliding among the rocks. Now seen, now lost, I followed it with longing eyes; and listening intently, I heard the clatter of horses' hoofs, and the murmur of wheels rising and falling, as the road wound in and out among the rocks farther or nearer. It was some carriage rolling rapidly toward home—toward my home, and here was I a castaway.

I shouted, but my voice seemed lost in the great space. The wind carried it up the river blew it away into stifled fragments. It was useless to cry. No one would hear me. How long should I have to live? Was there any chance that I might yet escape? I could not swim; the channel on either side was, therefore, an impassable barrier. Even had I been an excellent swimmer, I doubt if in my enfeebled state I could have won the further bank of the channel, where the current was running the least swiftly. How long would my friend remain uncovered by the sea?

Six or eight feet above my head, tangled masses of sea weed hanging in the interstices of the woodwork showed the highest reach of the tide. The ebb had commenced an hour before I started from Abermaw. Allowing an hour for my subsequent adventures, the ebb would still have three hours to run; then another three hours' flood would elapse before the tide would once more reach me. I remembered that I had a flask of metal in my pocket which still contained a dram of brandy, and that I had a few fragments of biscuit in my pocket, remaining of some that my wife had packed up for my use a couple of days before. I drank the brandy and munched the biscuits, and felt again hopeful. Six hours! Why, in that time help might come. Death was no longer imminent.

But I was entirely wrong. The strong south-westerly gales had piled up the waters about the mouth of the estuary, so that the ebb was checked, and the flood increased, and the tide ran out only some three hours. I must have been longer lying on the sand, too, than I had calculated, for, as I watched the waters hurrying down on each side of me, I noticed that the current seemed to slacken all of a sudden; then it stopped, so that a fragment of bleached wood that was floating downward came to a rest, then moved slowly once more upward. The tide had turned.

In a very short time the expanse of waters before me, that had just now seemed a broad river outlet, scored and marked with sand-banks, assumed the appearance of an agitated sea. Short waves hurried along, their white crests gleaming in the moonlight; they came in serried lines, tier over tier; the hoarse roar of the advancing tide reverberated in the air, mingling in my brain with the strange rattle as of bells that never ceased to jangle therein.

How remorseless they seemed those waves hurrying up, like hounds who view their prey! And yet it was a solemn scene; and what there was of dignity and grandeur in the sight, half reconciled me to the thought that my life would be swallowed up ere long in these advancing battalions of serried waves; for now the bitterness of death was past; its terrors had vanished; I felt a profound sadness—that was all.

How far could I climb up these slimy, slippery posts and buttresses, that seemed to mock me with their lying proffers of safety? A couple of cross-beams or ties which bound together the lower ends of the piers afforded at their intersection a sort of angular resting-place, where I could, for a time perhaps, find a refuge from the waves. This was far below high water mark, so that to reach it would only give me a short respite from my final agony; but, for all that, I determined to attempt it. As soon as the water covered the little island on which I stood, I would try to climb this slippery beam, that rose from the sand, in which it was partly buried, at an angle of about forty-five degrees.

With the tide rose the wind; with the wind came rain and fog. The moon, blurred and indistinct, shone faintly for a while, and then vanished altogether, although her diffused light still made everything darkly visible. Soon the waves were dashing at my feet, the sand a pulp beneath them. Now was the time to make my last effort for a little more life. But I found that I had overrated my own powers. I crawled a few feet up the slippery timber; then I fell back. Again I tried, and again; but it was of no use. Strength does not come of eager desire to be strong. All that I could do was to clasp my arms round the beam, and stand upright, awaiting the coming of the waters.

The water rose, not gradually, but in pulses. Smaller waves came and went, and left no change of level; but every now and then some heavier, fiercer billow would come in with a devouring sweep, covering me with its foam and spray, receding again, but at each recession leaving a greater depth of swaying, life-like water. These attacks, like buffets from the hand of some skilled boxer, left me weaker and weaker at every blow. And it was so treacherous too, the water. It would draw away for a time, leaving me free almost to my knees; and then, as if driven by some sudden impulse, it would gather itself up, and return in a great seething swathe of water that would swallow me up from head to foot.

The end was fast coming now. I had ceased to feel anything. Only a dogged determination to stick to life to the last, kept me clinging to my beam.

But, what was that sound? A long and piercing scream, a roar, and a rumble, and a rattle—it was an engine!

An engine coming along the completed part of the bridge, shrieking and screaming, and dashing out great wafts of white steam into the stormy air. The sound gave me fresh life and vigor. Human creatures were within reach, at all events. If I could make them hear me, I might yet be saved.

The engine came slowly along, and I heard the voices of men shouting to one another. Why, then, should they not hear me? I tried, too, to shout, but my voice stuck in my throat. I couldn't make a sound louder than a whisper, no, not with all the good-will I had to shout like an archangel.

The engine came so near at last that I could see the glow of her fires through the interstices of the flooring of the bridge. And now there were men standing with lanterns at the very extremity of the bridge; and still I could not make them hear.

For an instant the glad thought had struck me that I had been missed, and that these men had come to look for me; but the next moment I saw the folly of the idea. Days might elapse before my fate was known. I was not even yet beyond the time I had fixed for reaching home. No; the men were railway workmen, perhaps going to do a night's shift of work on the bridge; and I couldn't make them hear.

Suddenly, I heard a sharp, quick bark, and then a growl as of anger or inquiry, and I was conscious that there was a dog with the men above. The dog's faculties were keener than the men's; perhaps it was possible I might make him hear; so I barked, a shrill snapping bark, with which I had often deceived my own terrier Jock. The dog acknowledged the challenge, and replied furiously. Then I heard the voice of a man shouting to the dog to be quiet; but the dog barked still more furiously, standing at the very verge of the platform, as though it would throw itself over. Then some men came to the edge of the platform too, and peered over, and then in my extremity I gave a cry—a wild, despairing cry. Then a huge hoarse wave dashed over me.

If it had not been for the consciousness that help was near, I could not have held on against that furious rush of waters; but I did hold on, at least I think so; and when the wave receded, a bright, dazzling light shone into my eyes, a light from the bridge, where some one was holding what seemed to be a portable sun, but that was actually a piece of burning magnesium wire. Then everything disappeared in the blackest darkness.

"Did you see anything?" cried a voice.

"I'm not sure; I thought I saw something move."

A couple of lamps from the engine were now brought, and placed at the edge of the platform; they lit up the beams and rafters of the bridge, but the light seemed to be lost in the dark waters. Ah! they would never see me!

Once more I had strength to cry.

"Ah! it's a man down there," I heard somebody shout.

A long plank was run over the gap in the bridge, then another; along the two, a portable windlass was quickly wheeled; a bucket descended, in it a man with a lantern.

"Hollo, mate!" he cried, as he caught sight of my white face in the focus of his lamp, "what the deuce are you doing here?"

In another moment I was standing in safety on the further side of the bridge. I owed my rescue to the unexpected visit of the chief-engineer of the line, who had come down to see with his own eyes the manner in which the bridge behaved in a heavy gale, and had driven with the engine to the farthest accessible point of the platform.

What a comforting cup of hot coffee that was of which I partook by the warmth of the engine furnace, and how exhilarating the run homeward on the swift shrieking engine!

I was at Dolbadarn in time for dinner, after all. As I sat down to the cheerful meal with friends who were discussing the light ordinary topics of the day, I looked about me, wondering if I were really here in actual corporeal presence, or if my life had ended in that last rush of water, and I were only dreaming, "for in that sleep of death what dreams may come!"

JOHN GRUFFMAN'S LESSON.

[From the Detroit Free Press.]

Did you ever know a man that wasn't in a hurry when he came home to dinner? If the table is not smoking with the viands when he opens the door he'll throw his hat down in a corner, and salute you with, "Well, ain't dinner ready?" If you say "No," he'll want to know "why in thunder it ain't;" ask you if you "don't know it's ten minutes past twelve, and that he must be back at one;" and "what the dickens you've been doing all the morning that dinner isn't ready in time?" If, to his first query you answer "yes," he'll sit right down to the table and help himself and Johnny to bread and pickles. If you remonstrate, and ask him to "wait a minute," he'll ask "what in thunder did you tell him dinner was ready for, and then ask him to wait?" and, rising, he will sling his chair in the corner, and throw himself on the sitting-room sofa just as the soup is brought to the table. The chances are ten to one that you will find him at half-past one stretched on that very sofa, picking his teeth, and reflectively gazing at the ceiling. John Gruffman used to act just so, but he don't now. One day, having been hindered in the office, it was 12.30 when he reached home. Dinner was on the table, but it wasn't smoking worth a cent. The mutton stew looked greasy and unpalatable. The apple dumplings had a wet, sticky appearance about them that was not inviting, so Gruffman satisfied the craving of his appetite with a cracker and a cup of cold tea, remarking in an undertone to himself that "women would be contrary anyhow." However, once was enough for Gruffman. You try it.

Why Dickens Did Not Read in Chicago.

About this time the terrible step was taken of avoiding Chicago—a circumstance that led to some angry comment at the time, stories floating into print that he had a sister or some such relative living in the western metropolis in indigence, and that he was ashamed to visit the city in consequence; but we learn now that wretched health was the only reason. "The worst of it is," he writes, "that everybody one advises with has a monomania about Chicago. 'Good heavens, sir,' the great Philadelphia authority said to me, this morning, 'if you don't read in Chicago the people will go into fits.' 'Well,' I answered, 'I would rather they went into fits than I did;' but he did not seem to see it at all." —*Forster's Life of Dickens.*

NIGHT SCENE IN NEW YORK.

One night, at the opening of the present ball-season, the writer emerged from the gloom of Houston street to the brilliantly lighted floor of a casino, then occupied by about two hundred persons in varied masquerade costume. Only a few of the number were in plain evening dress, and they, at the first glance, appeared as fashionable as the most fashionable butterflies of the Academy—the men in swallow tails and fine linen, with crush-hats dangling in their hands; the women in silks, satins, and muslins, with a profusion of ornaments about their arms, necks and wrists. The fancy dresses were less perfect; some of them nondescript, and most of them trashily spangled—kings', peasants', harlequins', and barbarians', alike. Who were these people? Were they honest folk? A carousal in this very hall had been interrupted by the police not many nights ago, and the revellers, who were for the most part thieves, stripped of their splendors and liveried in the cheerless check and gray garments of prison. "Not thieves," said the detective who accompanied us, as we questioned him in an undertone; but some of the "gentry" were sure to attend every assemblage of this kind; but the men here were mostly clerks, seafarers, mechanics, and salesmen; the women factory hands, dressmakers, saleswomen, and domestic servants.

"Impossible!" we exclaimed. The detective treated our contradiction with good-natured forbearance, and more civilly we asked for an explanation. "You wonder how all these asses have obtained the lions' skins?" That was our question. "They are all borrowed. Observe yonder pretty girl in the pearly silk. The dress on her body, the shoes on her feet, the sham jewelry that is thick about the sham hair on her head, are borrowed; and to-morrow will fit some other beauty as neatly as they fit her to-night. The young fellow leading her into the dance is a shoemaker by trade—how elegant he looks! His swallow-tail, his breeches, and his crush-hat—do you suppose they are his own? The lining of each is stamped with the name of a Bowery costumer, on whose shelves they will be packed in lavender within twenty-four hours. Scarcely one of the persons present owns a stitch of the cloth that covers him. Fine birds they look in their feathers, to be sure; but to-morrow they will be plucked and threadbare, too exhausted to work, and berated by their employers for their sluggishness. Their brief dream of pleasure will be blotted out by the oppressive reality of underpaid and uncongenial toil. Vanity is at the root of it, sir—vanity, vanity, vanity!" The detective sighed, and nodded familiarly to some of the roisterers, who were abashed at his recognition, and barely appreciated it. Would we remain? He had a little matter in hand—a raid on a gambling-den, in fact—and must bid us good-night. We left the casino and the noisy dancers together, and at the door of police headquarters we parted from our guide, moralizing over the strange thing he had told us.—*Appleton's Journal.*

Marrying the Same Wife Twice.

Many years ago a young schoolmaster, living in one of the States east of the Mississippi, contracted the gold fever, at the time very prevalent, and started for California. He had married a young wife but a short time before, but hoping to make his fortune speedily and to return soon, he left her behind him, in her native home, where it was thought she would be more comfortable than she could be made in the rough gold regions. But disappointment, which is the lot of mortality, befel the young adventurer. The golden stream into his lap was neither quick nor violent. His visions of wealth turned out but idle dreams. He did not succeed in accumulating anything, and he was too proud to return penniless. His letters, after awhile, became infrequent, and finally the correspondence between husband and wife was wholly discontinued. Neglected love grows dim, and in the process of time the wife, apparently forgotten by her long absent husband, sought the separation in law from the bonds of matrimony which had for years existed in fact. She was divorced. A rich neighbor, looking upon her attractions as too great to wither away in loneliness, offered himself, and was accepted. With this second husband the young woman lived a number of years, when he died. She was now a wealthy widow, still retaining many of her youthful charms.

We now come to the strangest part of the story. A few months ago, the first husband returned from his long residence in California; and happening to meet his twice-married, once-divorced, and once-widowed wife, their early love was rekindled in the hearts of both, and they were speedily re-married, and are now living together!

It is not in fiction, but in reality, that the strangest romances are to be found.

An Opera Company of Parrots.

An extraordinary public entertainment has been produced in Lima, Peru, by an Italian named Contarini, who proposes to carry his exhibition to Europe. He has taught and trained, by dint of great patience and perseverance, an opera company, made up of thirty parrots and paroquets, who perform two of Bellini's operas, Norma and Somnambula, on a miniature stage, with full chorus and recitative. The director and manager accompanies the artists on a piano harmonium, and the perfection with which each bird sings his part and the excellence of the chorus is prodigious. The debut of this lyrico-ornithological company in Norma was attended by the wealth and fashion of Lima. When the paroquet that sang the contralto finished the allegro in the "Salutation to the Moon," such was the enthusiasm, the shouting and the applause at hearing a bird sing the "Casta Diva" that the bird company, affrighted, took flight and sought refuge among the side scenes. This interrupted the performance for nearly a quarter of an hour, and Signor Contarini had to tranquillize the "artists" by giving them bread soaked in wine. Thenceforth the expressions of approbation were moderated, in order not to spoil the play. It appears that the bird artists have now become accustomed to the applause. The correctness and propriety with which they give certain parts of the opera are wonderful. The prima tenore possesses all the airs and graces of the school of Mario, and the ladies of Lima have named the prima donna Patti.

☞ There was a strange, pathetic scene at the Milwaukee depot, a little while ago. A young German, who by four years' hard work in a brewery had saved enough money to make a home, was waiting for his betrothed, who was to arrive from Germany. She came, all radiant, to his arms, there was a close embrace, but when the young man tried to disengage himself, the girl's hands were firmly clasped about his neck, she moved not, spoke not—she had literally broken her heart with joy.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ The firm of Grinn & Barrett need not have added to their sign "dentists."

☞ Oh, bother cremation! We have to earn our living—and we don't want to be compelled to urn our dead.—*Pittsburgh Commercial.*

☞ A man in Baltimore who was to have been married in the evening, committed suicide in the morning. His courage failed him.

☞ A band of Ohio women gathered in front of a lawyer's office by mistake, and prayed and sang half an hour before they learned that they had been throwing away time. It is calculated that their prayers wouldn't have had any effect under eighteen months.

☞ An English writer thinks the American early potatoes will come to an end ere long, for as each new variety is claimed to ripen about ten days earlier than any other, the time between planting and digging will soon be used up.

☞ A little girl who had great kindness of heart for all the animal creation, saw a hen preparing to gather her chickens under her sheltering wings, and shouted earnestly, "Oh, don't sit down on those beautiful little birds, you great ugly old rooster."

☞ A small boy arose at a Sunday-school concert, and began quite glibly, "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell—and fell—" (here his memory began to fail him) "and—and—fell by the roadside, and the thorns sprang up and choked him."

☞ How doth the little busy pig improve each shining hour, and gather sausages all day from every opening flower! And when the shades of twilight fall he slumbers in his sty, or sings his pretty evening hymn—"Root, little pig, or die!"

☞ The story of that Louisiana bride turning to stone by drinking water from a boulder turned out to be a fabrication. She merely "turned to Charles and asked if dear mother could not always live with them." Charles was the one who turned to stone.

☞ At a party, while a young lady was playing with peculiar brilliancy of touch, a bystander bachelor exclaimed, "I'd give the whole world for those fingers!" "Perhaps you might get the whole hand by asking," said the young lady's observant mamma.

☞ "What," exclaimed the fashionable Fuzziggie to the exquisite Miss La Sparrowgrass, "what would you be, dearest, if I should press the stamp of love upon those sealing wax lips?" "I," responded the fairy like creature, "should be—stationary!"

☞ THE BEST REMEDY.—A lady once being asked what she thought was a good remedy for bee stings, said she had never found anything better than to keep away from the bees.

☞ When you repeat the proverb, "Frailty, thy name is woman!" you must except, hereafter, Mrs Caloe Jones, colored, of Raleigh, whose waist, at its slenderest point, measures seven feet in circumference.

☞ Who would have believed, save upon the authority of Dr Lankester, the London coroner, that not fewer than 3 000 tender infants are annually smothered to death by their mothers, who fall asleep in bed while nursing their pledges?

☞ It is related that Rozenthal, the celebrated French chess player, recently performed at Paris another of those surprising feats for which he is famous. He played at the Palais Royal twenty-seven games of chess at once with that number of the best French and foreign chess players. Rozenthal won twenty-three games, three were drawn, and he lost only one.

☞ The residence on Lafayette place, New York, from which William B. Astor lately removed up town, is in the market. It is not an ordinary house. The basement windows are protected with strong iron bars; the French windows of the parlor have iron doors which slide open and shut, in addition to the blinds, and even the windows of the second story have gratings. It must be very pleasant to be a million aire.

☞ "Pa," said a New Albany boy, "what is 'Mardi-Gras' they are talking so much about?" "Shrove Tuesday,' said the well informed father. "And what is Shrove Tuesday?" "Look in the dictionary." The boy looked and saw "Shrove Tuesday—The Tuesday following Quinquagesima Sunday, and preceding Ash-Wednesday." Then he knew all about it.

☞ Everybody now-a-days is a "lady" or a "gentleman." A St. Louis paper recently informed its readers that "two gentlemen and a lady left for the penitentiary last night."

☞ The way the money goes is shown in the case of the late Legrand Lockwood's marble palace and forty acres of finely ornamented grounds at Norwalk Conn., now offered for sale for less than $350 000 the cost of which was between two and three millions. There are doors which cost $2 000 each, a billiard-room that cost $10,000 forty-nine rooms gorgeously decorated with polished marble, inlaid woodwork, frescoes, &c, and no two rooms alike; and then there are the conservatories, stables, porter's lodge, and other buildings all on the same extravagant scale.

☞ Kettledrum for an afternoon tea-party is derived from a kettle for tea, and a drum of crackers, the original simple English entertainment.

☞ The prospect for higher prices for American grain this year is very good. The news from Europe is that there is a serious grain deficiency in that country, and the fact that the Old World must supply its lack almost entirely from this country cannot fail to affect the market here. The shipments of all kinds of grain from this country since January 1 have been much larger than in former years.

☞ George Treat, of California, is the owner of Thad Stevens, the fastest running horse in the world. He has lately matched his horse against any other in the world for a race of four miles and repeat for $10,000. He also bets $25 000 to $5 000 that he can beat the best recorded time ever made in this country.

☞ A Virginia bishop says he saw a wheat field in California seventeen miles long, and when the owner plows it he starts on one furrow and plows all day, camps out all night, and plows back the next day.

☞ A not uncommon trick in Paris is for a person with a bad cigar to stop a gentleman having a good one, to solicit permission to light, and in the handing back manage to substitute the inferior weed. The other day two ingenious gentlemen with equally vile cigars tried this trick on each other with no very satisfactory result.

On Easter morn our little church was bright
With sweet spring sunlight, bud, and early bloom;
Fresh violets, odorous leaves and lilies white,
Breathing o'er font and altar rare perfume.

Sweet emblems these to fill the pious thought
And greet the happy Resurrection Morn:
Sweet as the spice by loving Mary brought—
Fair as the robe by watching angel worn.

Washington in a Passion.

Although naturally of a mild disposition, Washington had a temper which was vehement and almost irresistible. It was thus displayed when Lee was arrested on the field of Monmouth, and another illustration was furnished by the news of St. Clair's defeat by the Indians in 1791. This defeat awoke a national lament, and Irving thus describes the scene which is originally described by the President's private secretary, Tobias Lear, whom he charged never to divulge his display of temper: "The General walked slowly backward and forward in silence. Mr. Lear had scarce time to notice that he was extremely agitated, when he broke out suddenly, 'It's all over, St. Clair is defeated, routed, the officers nearly all killed, the men by wholesale. The rout is complete and a surprise in the bargain!' All this was said with great vehemence; then pausing, he again paced the floor in silence violently agitated. When near the door he stopped short, stood for a moment, and then there was another terrible explosion of wrath. 'Yes,' he exclaimed, 'on this very spot I took leave of him; I said, beware of a surprise. You know how the Indians fight us. I repeated, beware of a surprise. He went off with this warning in his ears, and yet to suffer the army to be butchered by a surprise—the very thing I guarded him against. O God! O God! He throw up his hand, and while his frame shook he exclaimed: 'He is worse than a murderer. How can he answer it to his country? The curse of widows and orphans is upon him.' Mr. Lear remained speechless and the paroxysm passed away."

☞ An enterprising New York dentist gives a premium chromo for every tooth he draws.

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IN THE TWILIGHT.

A penny for your thoughts, Malvine;
Where are they drifting now?
I have watched for half an hour past
A pucker on your brow,
And a queer little clip of the under lip,
Which I wholly disallow.

Come close and make confession, sweet;
I'll shrive you, never fear;
But fold those slim white hands in mine,
And bring your footstool near.
O! bother your dress! I think you might press
Nearer—so—now, let us hear.

"You wish we had not run away!"
But when your folks said No,
And would not allow you to come to me,
What *could* you do but go?
And, if I am right, on that runaway night
You thought the train too slow.

You trembled like an aspen leaf—
O! "with the cold alone?"
Your lips at least were warm, my dear—
I tried them with my own;
For I thought they looked pale by the altar rail,
Whence two departed one.

"That empty cradle!" Ah, Malvine!
The little soul within
Is spared, perhaps, from many a care,
And unrepented sin;
And the Father, who its future knew,
Has gathered His infant in.

No storms but clear the air, Malvine,
No waves but wear the stone;
The storm that swept our nursery bare
But made you more my own;
For the childless wife has each day of her life
Husband and love in one.

Grief did but do her perfect work;
God's sunbeams washed by rain
Shine ever with a purer light,
A radiance reft of stain;
And the eyes, Malvine, that have pierced the screen,
Are the tear-washed eyes of pain.

THEO. GIFT.

IN THE PRIORY GARDEN.

A quaint old-fashioned garden it is, with straight grassy avennes, long mossy alleys between prim hedges of box and holly, smooth vistas opening to the sun and breeze, with here and there a sombre yew trained into some curious device. Banks of fragrant, world-forgotten flowers, stone ledges, and low, broken, ivied walls, remains of bygone days when the old garden was covered by a stately monastery, are distinctive features.

The purple twilight was stealing softly down, wrapping in its dusky silent wings the gorgeous orange, crimson, and violet that still flecked the mid-summer sky, one single brilliant star shining in the clear amber of the sunset, a bird's full clear note sounding far in the evening stillness.

A tall, graceful girl, in a long trailing white dress, was pacing slowly down one of the narrow mossy alleys; in one hand she held a bunch of scarlet geraniums, the other was swinging a large garden hat carelessly up and down by its blue ribbons. A fair, fresh, wilful face it was, with sweet violet eyes. A knot of the geraniums nestled in the thick folds of wavy brown hair; a scarf of soft white wool was tied loosely round her throat: and by her side walked a large stag-hound, stately and sedate, his nose pushed against his mistress's hand, his splendid wistful eyes following every movement. A man's mellow tenor voice sounded faintly through the trees, coming nearer and nearer.

A shadow crossed the girl's face, the rosy mouth pouted involuntarily.

"Ah, Hero," said she, looking down at her dog, "there he is again, and singing that same everlasting song; it is always 'My queen, my queen.' Listen, Hero, listen."

The voice, nearer now, came on singing in subdued, tender tones a verse of the well-known song—

"I will not dream of her tall and stately—
She that I love may be fairy light;
I will not say she should walk sedately;
Whatever she does, it will sure be right.

"And she may be humble or proud, my lady,
Or that sweet calm which is just between—"

"Ah, Hero, old fellow," interrupted the girl, impatiently, "it is always the same old thing. How I hate it! 'Whatever she does, it will sure be right'—and I never do anything right in his eyes! But, at any rate, you believe in me, old fellow—don't you? In your faithful eyes I am beautiful and gentle and courteous in everything, if I am not in Errol's."

The dog looked up with his beautiful, wistful eyes; the man's voice came nearer and clearer.

"There, we won't listen any more, will we, old dog? At least I have one friend who is not always singing at me, or looking unutterable disapprobation at me."

She stooped and took hold of one of the dog's soft, silky ears. The voice came softly through the high box hedge; it was close to her now, every word distinct—

"But she must be courteous, she must be holy,
Pure in her spirit, that maiden I love."

"'Courteous,' 'holy,' and I am such a terrible reprobate! Come away, Hero!" And the girl started up, and began walking swiftly away down the avenue.

But she was too late—a few steps brought her face to face with the singer, who emerged, quietly unconscious of her proximity, from a side walk. A tall, brown-faced young fellow he was, with bright, dark eyes and clearly-cut features, and an expression indicative of power and determination, relieved only by the frank kindliness of the eyes and smile.

"Ah, cousin mine, I have been looking for you all over the garden," said he, stopping before the girl. "Where have you been to all alone?"

"Hero and I have been to the Lady's Well—we are tired of the garden," replied she, pettishly.

"No wonder you were not to be found, then. Why did you not tell me, Nellie? It was too late for you to go into the wood alone."

"I had Hero—he is quite sufficient escort. I do not care for any other when he is with me, thank you, Errol. We like to be alone best," rejoined Nellie, accompanying her words with a swift glance, to see how they would be received.

The hint was too broad to be misunderstood, but the only reply was a keen look of inquiry at Nellie's vexed face, and a slight smile as he caught her eyes. He turned to walk on with her, and the two paced slowly on past the high prim hedges, past banks of flowers, drooping as day drooped too, on into a garden—nay, a wilderness—of roses. The dew was brushed off by Nellie's long dress, a subtle, delicious perfume filled the air. Gradually the host of stars appeared in the deep-blue sky, a blackbird's clear note rose high and sweet. Unconsciously Errol began to sing softly the refrain of his song—

"She is standing somewhere, she I would honour,
She that I wait for—my queen, my queen."

Nellie turned round.

"I do wish, Errol, you would not sing that song; I hate it!"

"Hate it! Why, Nellie, it is charming!"

"I don't care; I hate it! It is always 'my queen!'"

"Well, is there any special reason why it should not be 'my queen'?" said he, looking down at her and smiling quietly. "Don't you see, cousin mine, she is a sort of ideal—"

"Yes, I do see," interrupted Nellie, petulantly; "and I always did dislike poetic ideals and absolute perfection; and I hate the song, and I wish you would not sing it!"

"Of course I will not, if it annoys you so much," said he, with another keen glance at the fair, wilful face; but I want to argue the point with you first. Here is our old nook under the Noisette; sit down, Nellie, and let me convince you as I used to do in the old days."

Inwardly resolving not to be convinced, Nellie sat down on the low stone wall, the climbing roses around and above her appearing like a framework. Errol strolled away to a large rose-bush a few paces distant, and carefully cut off a splendid half-opened Provence rose, which in its creamy pinkness contained a world of delicate, subtle scent; then, returning, he threw himself on the grass at Nellie's feet, and looked up into the sweet, wilful face.

"Now tell me, Nellie, why you don't like 'My Queen.'"

A shower of scarlet geranium petals fell over the white dress, scattered ruthlessly by Nellie's fingers; but she had no argument ready to support her dislike—at least, none that she would use.

"She is a charming ideal," continued Errol. "What have you to say against her, Nellie?"

"Just that she is an ideal," answered Nellie, shortly.

"And you cannot attain such a height?" asked he, quietly, but with a keener glance than ever at the face above him.

No answer came from the pouting lips. The scarlet blossoms almost covered the white dress; the evening breeze came up and stirred the roses; a shower of pure-tinted leaves fell on the scarlet. Errol changed his position slightly. Raising himself with one hand, he held the rose toward her with the other.

"Nellie," said he, gently—"Nellie."

"Yes."

"Will you give me your geraniums for this rose?" he inquired.

"No," she replied.

"Why not?" interrogated Errol.

"I like the geraniums better," said Nellie, promptly, her eyes turned away from his.

"I don't think you do—they are so very battered. Won't you make the exchange, Nellie?"

She stole a glance at him. There was no mistaking his meaning. The geraniums were only a small part of what was wanted. A soft light flashed into the violet eyes; for a moment she hesitated, and then, in a sudden fit of wilful perversity, she said, sarcastically—

"You do me too much honor, Cousin Errol; but I do not choose to be second even to an ideal. Your 'queen' is waiting somewhere; let me suggest that you give the rose to her."

"My 'queen' is here—I found her long ago. Her throne is this old stone seat, her canopy the thorny white rose, her sceptre a bunch of flaming battered geraniums. Will you take my rose, Nellie? It is not courteous to keep me waiting so long."

His last words stung Nellie. It seemed to her that to accept the rose so offered would be a token of submission, a confession of her own shortcomings. She would none of it. The wilful eyes flashed defiantly at him, as she said, perversely—

"No, thanks, I prefer my flaming geraniums, battered as they are."

"As you will, Cousin Nellie," was the quiet reply, and the rose was withdrawn.

The bird's clear notes ceased suddenly; the night wind came up and shivered among the roses; it seemed to have grown suddenly dark. Nellie drew her scarf closer round her shoulders.

"Let us go in," said she; "it is cold."

* * * * *

A week later Errol and Nellie stood in the vine-covered porch of the old Priory. A pile of rugs, walking-sticks and portmanteaus lay on one side; a dog-cart stood before the door, and the man-servant was busily stowing away the luggage, which was labeled "New York."

"Why are you going, Errol?" asked Nellie, shyly.

"Partly for business, partly for pleasure, cousin mine."

"What is the business?"

"A special suit, which I do not wish to lose if I can help it."

"And the pleasure?"

He gave her a keen, quick glance before he answered.

"The pleasure? Well, at present the pleasure is to gain that particular suit. My adversary is rather obstreperous, but my journey to America will give time for reflection, and I think the matter will be amicably arranged. What shall I bring you back, Nellie—an Indian wampum, or the last Yankee notion in bonnets?"

"Neither, thank you, Errol," she said, raising her sweet eyes, half mischievously, half repentantly; "I should prefer a bear-skin and—and a bunch of scarlet geraniums."

"Your wishes shall be obeyed. Good-bye, Nellie," said he, gravely, and, springing up into the dog-cart, he took the reins. "Good-bye."

Nellie watched the dog-cart out of sight, and then turned into the house, feeling guilty, defiant, repentant, and mischievous half a dozen times before she reached her mother's room.

"Ah, my queen, you are very wilful," thought Errol, as he turned his horse into the lane; "but my rose shall win the day yet. I can afford to wait till the tree blooms again next summer."

* * * * *

In the old garden Nellie watched the roses bloom and pass away, the beautiful golden autumn tints come and fade, and the grim icy winter draw near and settle on the land. Her life with her invalid mother was a lonely one—this winter had seemed specially dreary and long; she watched with intense longing for the first gleam of spring. It lingered long, as if loth to encounter the chilly winds and weather. The snowdrops came in March; at the end of April there was scarcely a hedgerow tinted with green.

"Nellie," said Mrs. Carroll one morning, looking up from her newspaper, "find me Errol's last letter, and see what is the name of the vessel he intended to sail in."

"It was the City of Boston, mamma."

"Get the letter, dear—I want to be quite certain."

Nellie opened the writing-desk, found the letter, and gave it to Mrs. Carrol, pointing over her shoulder to a certain passage in it.

"Yes, I see you are right; it is the City of Boston. I had forgotten all about it; and now I see from the newspaper that she is very much overdue, and that there is great anxiety about her safety."

Nellie had not forgotten. Since the date of the vessel's sailing had she not counted the days, the hours, almost the minutes? Had not every chance footstep sent the blood to her cheeks, every unexpected knock or ring caused her heart to beat wildly? Latterly, did not every slight noise jar upon the strained nerves almost painfully? No need had she to find the letter for names and dates, when her heart was aching with vague suspicion and dread, her cheeks thin and pale with anxious waiting and watching. Alas! she was not the only one. With that day, when the first warning appeared in the papers, began a time when her own fears were echoed by hundreds of sad hearts all over England.

* * * * *

Once more it was a fair summer evening in the old Priory garden; the purple twilight shadows were falling softly, and a bird's high note sounded far in the stillness as in bygone days. Terribly cruel it all seemed to Nellie that the brightness and beauty could last while hearts should be so desolate. She was pacing restlessly up and down the moss-grown avenue, her black dress clinging to her in sombre folds—for the months had come and gone, and hope at last had died out. Hero walked beside her, his head drooping. Presently she left the alley and sought the old stone seat under the Noisette rose. She threw herself down on the grass beside it, and pressed her cheek against the cold stone. It was piteous to see how pale and thin she had grown—piteous to see the wide-open, miserable eyes, and weary, hopeless face—piteous to see the small hands pressed to her breast to still the convulsive sobs that shook her slight fragile figure.

"Oh, Errol, where are you?" she said, despairingly. "Can't you hear me, Errol? In all the world above is there no spot where you can hear me?" The rose-leaves fluttered down over her in a white shower as they had done a year ago—far away in the dusky thicket the blackbird's clear note rang out. She shivered as a rose-leaf fell on her hand. "And I grieved you so, Errol, that night. I remember it all; and you can hear me no more, and I can never tell you that I loved you. Oh, my love, my love! How cruel it is—how pitiless!"

The poor little white face worked and quivered with convulsed sobs, and she burst into a wild passion of weeping. All those weary months of waiting she had shed no tears from the wide-open miserable eyes; now they came so irresistibly, so passionately, that the slight figure shook like the leaves above her.

"Nellie," said a low voice, "Nellie!"

She started and moaned as if the sound were heard in a dream, and the drooping bright head was not raised.

"Nellie!" said the voice again, and she was gently raised from her crouching position by a man's strong arms. The dark eyes that eagerly sought hers were glistening with emotion, the face was almost as agitated as her own.

"Errol," she cried, "Errol!"

Her face was so ghastly in its incredulous recognition, her eyes were so wildly unbelieving, that he spoke as quickly as possible.

"I was not in the ship, Nellie. My name was in the list of passengers by mistake."

"Is it you, Errol?" she asked; and she gave one long, searching glance, and put out her hand to touch him.

"Yes, Nellie, it is I. I was prevented from sailing in the City of Boston, thank God!" said he, reverently.

He took the poor little trembling hands in one of his, with the other he put her on the old seat. Her sweet violet eyes filled afresh with tears, but with such tears of grateful thankfulness as those who have come out of the valley of the shadow of death only can know, and for a few minutes the solemn prayerful silence was unbroken. At last Nellie spoke, with the reverent tone of one who has just held some sacred communion.

"How was it, Errol?" she asked.

"I had taken my passage on board the City of Boston," he explained, "but at the last moment a party of friends persuaded me to join them on a hunting expedition to the Rocky Mountains. We were away four months; and all that time I received no letters or newspapers, as we moved about so rapidly from place to place that they were not forwarded to us. When I reached New York on my way home, I heard about the loss of the vessel. I was horror-struck to think of what you might have suffered. I set sail in the first steamer. Thank Heaven I am at home in safety at last!"

"Why did you not write, Errol?"

"I did; but I suppose my letters went down with the vessel. I would have given anything to save you this, Nellie."

"I know it," said Nellie, softly. With serious, awe-struck eyes she looked up through the rose-boughs; one bright star gleamed down upon her with kindly light, like a radiant messenger of sympathy.

"I want my welcome home, Nellie," said Errol, presently.

She glanced at him with sweet, shy eyes.

"Have I found my 'queen' at last?"

"Yes," whispered, Nellie, softly.

He folded her in his arms, and kissed her passionately on lips, brow, and cheeks, and then, drawing her head on his shoulder, let her pale, pure face rest there. Her little white fingers went wandering over his coat—the very touch of the rough tweed cloth gave such intense relief, comfort and delight. After a while she raised her head and spoke—

"Cousin Errol?"

"Yes, Cousin Nellie."

"Did you win the law-suit?"

"Yes, fair lady; I have won my suit. My adversary has succumbed at last," said he, significantly.

"Was there not really one?"

"Do not inquire too closely, Nellie mine. The answer may be embarrassing. At least I have remembered your request," said Errol, producing his pocket-book, and taking therefrom a handful of withered flowers, which still, despite their dryness, retained a portion of vivid coloring.

"I gathered these wild geraniums one moonlight night while we were watching for a grizzly on Mount Columbar." Raising one arm, he pulled a rose from the branch above Nellie's head. "Now which will you have, Nellie?" asked he, offering her the geraniums in one hand and the rose in the other.

Nellie hesitated, glanced up shyly, hesitated again, and then stretched out her hand to the rose.

"And I'll give my heart to my lady's keeping,
And over her strength on mine shall lean;
And the stars shall fall, and the angels be weeping,
Ere I cease to love her, my queen, my queen!"

sang Errol, as they sauntered home through the old garden, with the shadows falling softly around them, the stars looking down, the calm majestic presence of the night sympathizing with the deep unutterable gratitude which filled their hearts with reverence and awe unspeakable.

FAIR DAMSEL PUTTING ON NEW GLOVES.—"Too tight? Oh, no, auntie, not at all—besides I like them a leetle tight!"

TROUBLESOME BROTHER.—"Feels as if somebody was squeezing her hand; don't ye see, auntie!"

The New Orleans Women.

The women of New Orleans are probably the most superb looking in America. They are brunettes, the most and best of them, with an elegance of carriage and figure, a contour of feature and a pose of manner, that are matchless. They say that the peasantry in certain districts of Spain carry yet in their faces the grandeur of the faded Castillian noblesse. These New Orleans beauties, lifted tenderly down a dozen generations of close blood, are more queenly than the portraits of their French mothers that have hung for centuries in their parlors. Some of them are like chiselled, pencilled figures out of marble, with the soft dash of Guido's brush or of Petrarch's song in their faces, and the ripe southern blood flushing up to their temples under the pure surface of their veins. The exquisiteness of their style takes your breath with an exclamation of admiration, and a sigh of relief as you pass. Their native city and State are the horizon of society and of the world to these superb creatures; they are reared under the solemn shadow of Catholicism; they are local in their attachments as Venetians; their culture is narrow, but they have the gait of empresses.

A Japanese Opinion.

In a Japanese account of European manners and customs, the author states that swinging forms a regular part of a European boy's education, "in order that—having to seek his fortune in distant lands—he may not suffer from sea-sickness." The foreigners, "although good men of business and excellent horsemen," neglect, according to the Japanese writer, "that philosophical and literary culture so much esteemed by our own countrymen." Their habits of life, however, are eminently respectable; indeed, "they are as clean in their persons as the Japanese themselves." Finally, jealousy is an unknown passion among them; and "so much affection subsists between man and wife that it is quite a common thing to see a European married couple walking arm in-arm in public."

Street Beggars.

Recently a London lounger in Paris, moved by curiosity, took the trouble to investigate the operations of the street beggars, and watching a little girl on one of the boulevards, found that, in three hours, her receipts were thirteen francs and forty-five centimes, or two dollars and sixty-nine cents. Apropos of this subject, a healthy, well-fed looking man stepped into a Broad street office the other day, and asked alms. The broker asked him if he wanted work. Yes, he said, if he could get wages enough. The broker offered him $25 a month to go and take care of his horses. "Why, my dear sir," said the fellow, "what do you take me for? I can make $150 a month at my present occupation," and he left in a huff.

☞ It was some forty years ago that a tall, thin gentleman, in a long greatcoat and cap, stalked into the Mechanics' Bank, in New York. He leisurely took from his pocketbook a five dollar note of the bank, and, laying it before the teller, requested its payment. The teller said: "We do not pay our notes." The tall, thin man, who, it now appeared, was John Randolph, put on his spectacles, and read the note in a high-keyed voice: "The President and Directors of the Mechanics' Bank promise to pay the bearer five dollars, value received." "There—I want the five dollars which you promise to pay." "But we do not pay," rejoined the teller; "the banks have suspended payment." "Oh, stopped payment! Then let me tell you what to do. Take the sledge-hammer out of the hand that hangs over your door, and in its place put a razor."

A Colorado Editor Interviews a Chinaman.

(From the Golden Globe.)

We asked him if he didn't want some advertising done. He stopped work long enough to say that he charged a dollar a dozen, without ironing. We explained that it wasn't washing we wanted, but advertising. We told him how much his business would be increased, how he'd be richer than the king of the Sandwich Islands in six months if he'd only advertise. This seemed to be clear to him, and his face brightened as he said, "Business belly slow; nobody got no money." We calmly took out a paper at that. We carefully explained to him all about fifteen cents a line—one of these things clear across here every time the paper was printed. The people, we told him, would read this and then come to him for washing. He took a deep interest in the whole story, and paid marked attention to our few remarks.

"You see, Mr. Hong Lee," we said, thinking he was getting along first-rate in English, "this is a paper—this here (putting a finger on it.) When people read they rush off frantically and buy of everybody whose name they see in the paper. Do you understand?" He said he did, and wanted to know how many pieces we had—whether they were big or little. We felt discouraged. We had worked hard for half an hour already, and he all the time thinking that we were talking about washing! With an imprecation on the whole race we went over the whole story again, even going so far as to figure out to him how many papers we printed and how many we expected to print. He was all attention as before, but when we stopped for breath he spirted water on a batch of clothes through his teeth, and then said, as coolly as a mummy, that if we brought the clothes on Monday he would have them done by Wednesday.

Sartoris.

A Washington correspondent says: "Mr. Sartoris is, if the truth must be told, awkward and unprepossessing in appearance. He is one of the blondest of the blonde, and wears his fair hair parted in the middle of his intellectual head. This freak of fashion assists in imparting to his impassive and infantile features the expression of innocence and idiocy, so much admired in the young men of his class and country. He is said, however, to be a very nice fellow, and he ought to be, for Miss Nellie Grant is a very nice girl. She is 18 years old, I should guess, is a slender, modest person, not very pretty, and has eyes as blue and hair as fair as George Charles's own. She would not be remarked in a crowd, for she is no way remarkable, perhaps is not quite up to the mark among American belles, as that somewhat mythical class goes. She in fact lacks extreme beauty, or what in our day is beauty's equivalent, extreme style. She has been no belle in society here, even with a papa President and the glories of a White House to back her, she has not in manners or dress the slightest element of fastness, or what was so much admired in the Empress Eugenie, "chic," but she is liked by every one, men and women, for her quiet, modest demeanor and self-possession, and to many her gentle, pleasant smile is as attractive as a pair of flashing eyes and bright tinted cheeks. As may be imagined from her appearance, her mental qualities and accomplishments are of the same quiet, half negative order. The acquaintance began abroad, it is said, when Mr. Sartoris was only a younger son. As luck would have it, the elder brother broke his neck during a fox hunt, and the young man in question hastened over the sea to lay his parks and castle halls at Miss Nelly's feet.—*Exchange Paper.*

Benny Davis's Trained Rat.

(From the Detroit Free Press.)

A boy twelve years old, named Benny Davis, whose parents live on the river road, broke his leg some months ago, and has been confined to the house ever since. He has, during the last three months, trained a rat to come forth at his whistle, stand on its hind feet, roll over, leap through a hoop covered with paper, and to execute various other manœuvres. The family own a big cat, and she has been trained to stretch out and let the rat leap over her, and the two are great friends, though Grimalkin is death on all other rodents. The lad has an exhibition twice a week, and secures quite an income by charging an admission fee of five cents.

Remarkable Presentiment.

The Scranton Times makes itself responsible for this story of a remarkable presentiment of evil:—It will be remembered that four persons were killed at a recent railroad disaster upon the Jefferson branch of the Erie. One of these, the engineer, John Harding, had a sister living in Carbondale. She was sitting at the table reading at the time of the accident, and at the very instant, as afterwards ascertained, of the catastrophe, she leaped up from her chair and cried out, "Jack is dead." She then ran to the depot—told them something had happened to her brother—urged them to telegraph—and in a few moments thereafter came the news of his terrible fate. This incident is well authenticated.

Marriage.

The Rev. J. F. W. Ware, in his lectures on "The Conduct of Life," speaking of marriage, said: "A young man, in making his choice, should seek a woman lovable in all things, and not a woman to be a figure-head for an establishment. Young men often make it an excuse for not marrying that they cannot bear the expense, and this matter of extravagance is responsible for the modern institution of bachelor life, than which there is nothing more prophetic of death to manly virtues and rugged character. A man had better make his will and cut his throat at once, than marry a giddy, fashionable fool; but if he wants a woman to stand by him as sharer alike of his joys and troubles, then is the plea of expense groundless."

☞ FELONS AND RUSTY NAILS.—For the past ten years, we have treated felons with hot water, and with unerring success. No cutting, no blistering, no anything, but immersing the finger, hand, or even the whole arm if necessary, in water as hot as can be borne, until the pain is gone and the core is loosened and drawn from the bone. When rusty nails have produced wounds, the same course has been pursued. If on the hand or foot, keep it in hot water.—*Elder Evans, in the Shaker.*

☞ A FRENCH CUSTOM.—A Paris dentist was reported to have hung out a sign on which was inscribed—

"Teeth extracted
Without pain for 2 francs."

To his disgust, no patients made their appearance, and, after enduring the heartsickness of hope deferred for three months, he added a line to his announcement thus—

"With pain for 1 franc."

To his gratification, he had crowds of patients, but they all preferred to pay the 2 francs.

Answers to Correspondents.

PAY YOUR POSTAGE.—Authors and others often send us letters and manuscripts not fully paid. In these cases the Department here enforces payment of the deficiency—which we either have to pay, or to decline receiving the letters or manuscripts. Authors will also bear in mind that the Department now requires letter postage on all manuscripts—therefore it is often cheaper, as it is always safer, to send large packages by express.

We cannot undertake to answer questions relating to the acceptance or rejection of manuscripts in this column. And there is no occasion of writing to ask whether we will examine a manuscript. Send it on, and we will examine it; keeping a copy, to avoid all danger of loss—as we do not hold ourselves responsible for the safe return of manuscript.

KINGSLEY, (Tauton, N. Y.,) asks: "1st. When and where was Gen. Scott born? 2d. In what paper was 'Mark Jarrett's Daisy' published?" 1st. Gen. Scott was born in Petersburg, Virginia, June 13th, 1786. 2d. In the POST. We do not give your other questions, as one of them relates to a purely personal matter, and the other betrays such an ignorance of the commonest historical fact as to make the question a meaningless one.

H. A. B., (Ancora, Ill.,) asks: "In which of Dickens's novels does the character of Miss TOX appear? 2d. Was she the one who 'hadn't any opinions?'" 1st. In Dombey and Son. 2d. Yes. Miss TOX was a milk-and-water young lady who "ambled through life without any opinions." She looked upon Dombey and Son as the pivot on which the whole world turned, and once indulged a very distant hope that she might become Mrs. Dombey. But when Mr. Dombey married Edith, Miss TOX "felt she had no reason of complaint; and that no wife could be too handsome or too stately for him." For a day or two the harpsichord and plants were neglected, but Miss TOX "was not of a disposition long to abandon herself to unavailing regret," and converted her "affection" into Platonic love.

J. W. R., (Ilfles. Iowa.) writes: "Will you please answer me through the POST as to the analysis of the following expression? 'He struck the dog a blow.' What is *blow*? And if an adverb, what will we do with the adjective a?" He would not call "blow" an adverb, but a noun or substantive, the object of the verb "struck." "Dog" we would make the object of the preposition "on" understood, as "He struck a blow on the dog;" or else as the second object of "struck." Brown, we think, gives authority for the latter disposition of the word.

"ALHAMBRA," (County Renfrew, Prov. of Ontario, D. C.,) writes: "As I am about starting out in the world to seek my fortune, a few words of your valuable advice would be most acceptable, were they directed to my prospects, which are as follows:—I am twenty-two years of age, and purpose going, next summer, to a new country, there to lay the foundation of my future home. I am not a tolerable good scholar, as you will readily perceive by my handwriting and composition, but have a good trade, which I consider a great deal. I am temperate, and smoke seldom. I am not afraid, if unable to obtain employment at my business at any time, to take off my coat and go to work at the first thing that comes along. I am, also, proud to say, a member of an ancient and honorable society. I am, moreover, engaged to a beautiful, earnest and pure-minded young girl, whom I truly and affectionately love, and have every reason to believe that that love is returned. She has promised to wait until I return, which will be in all probability two years, or thereabouts, at the expiration of which time I intend returning and claiming her as my wife." Our advice to you is to go ahead, and not take too much advice from anybody. We think we can trust you to take care of yourself. You underrate your "scholarship," for your handwriting and composition are both good.

"EARS" asks: "What is the origin of the superstitious saying that if your ears burn some one is talking of you?" This is a very old belief, for Pliny says, "When our ears do glow and tingle, some do talk of us in our absence." Shakspeare in "Much Ado About Nothing" makes Beatrice say to Ursula and Hero, who had been talking of her, "What fire is in mine ears?" Sir Thomas Browne ascribes this conceit to the superstition of guardian angels, who touch the right ear if the talk is favorable, and the left if otherwise. This is done to cheer or warn. Herrick in "Hesperides" says:

"One ear tingles; some there be
That are snarling now at me."

We give the above allusions to the superstition by eminent writers merely to show how general the belief (real or affected) is. Our private faith is that exposure to sharp winds has more to do with the tingling than tongues have.

M. M. M., (Brunswick, Va.,) writes: "The expression, 'Comb your head with a three-legged stool' is not at all classic; and yet it is said that it is to be found in Shakspeare. Will you inform me if this is so?" It occurs in the "Taming of the Shrew"—just where one might expect to find it. The meaning, as you probably know, is to beat you about the head with a stool. Many stools, such as those used by milkmaids, were made with three legs; and these handy weapons seem to have been used at one time pretty freely, especially by angry women.

BERTHA, (Haddington.) Father Prout was the author of those quaintly musical lines called "The Bells of Shandon." Francis Mahoney was the real name of the author.

F. F. X., (President, Pa.,) asks: "1st. Where can I obtain Bryant's Double-Entry Book-keeping;" or, can you give me the address of the firm? 2d. How is my handwriting? Is it good enough to write for the press? 3d. Is Parsons's book, 'Laws of Business,' to be relied upon?" 1st. Write to some publisher of educational works. 2d. It is legible, and so far as mere penmanship is concerned, that is about all editors care for. 3d. We are not familiar with the work ourselves, but a legal friend informs us that it is an excellent one of its kind.

LOOKLAND, (Weston, Minn.,) writes: "I could never fully understand the meaning of the saying, 'Exceptions prove the rule.' Is it a mere specious saying, or a true one?" Exceptions prove there is a rule, or there could be no exceptions. Granted the fact of exceptions, that there is a rule is plain.

PENNSYLVANIA, (Hatboro', Pa.,) asks: "Will you give me in a compact form the main points of law governing general business operations? You would doubtless oblige many others by so doing." It seems to us that you are asking a great deal of us, knowing that we do not belong to the legal fraternity; but perhaps the following brief digest will be acceptable. It is worth a careful preservation, as it contains the essence of a large amount of legal verbiage:

Ignorance of the law excuses no one.
It is a fraud to conceal a fraud.
The law compels no one to do impossibilities.
An agreement without consideration is void.
Signatures made with a lead-pencil are good in law.
A receipt for money paid is not legally conclusive.
The acts of one partner bind all the others.
Contracts made on Sunday cannot be enforced.
A contract made with a minor is void.
A contract made with a lunatic is void.
Contracts for advertisements in Sunday newspapers are invalid.
Principals are responsible for the acts of their agents.
Agents are responsible to their principals for errors.
Each individual in a partnership is responsible for the whole amount of the debts of the firm.
A note given by a minor is void.
Notes bear interest only when so stated.
It is not legally necessary to say on a note "for value received."
A note drawn on Sunday is void.
A note obtained by fraud, or from a person in a state of intoxication, cannot be collected.
If a note be lost or stolen, it does not release the maker; he must pay it.
An endorser of a note is exempt from liability if not served with notice of its dishonor within the day succeeding that of its non-payment."

SUSQUEHANNA, (Monroeton, Pa.,) asks: "What is the story of the wolf and pig, from which originated the saying, 'The Latins call me porcus?'" The fable is this:—A wolf was going to devour a pig, when the pig observed that it was Friday, and that no good Catholic would eat meat on Friday. Going on together, the wolf said to the pig, "They seem to call you by many names." "Yes," said the pig, "I am called swine, grunter, hog, and I know not what besides; the Latins call me porcus." "Porpoise, do they?" said the wolf, making an intentional blunder. "Well, porpoise is a fish; and we may eat fish on Friday." So saying, he devoured the pig without another word. The moral of the fable seems to be that there is danger in pedantry, for if the pig had not attempted to show how great his knowledge of his own name was, he would not have given the wolf such a good excuse to devour him.

J. D. H., (Hanville, Yell Co., Ark.,) Golconda is a fortified town of Hindoostan. It has been noted as a depot for diamonds, which are brought hither from the plains at the base of Neela Hurla mountains, on the banks of the Kistnah and Pennar rivers. Address your other questions to the editor of some sporting journal—we cannot answer them for you.

JESSIE, (Rosebank, Ont.,) asks: "1st. Can you give me a good recipe for canning fruit; also for a preparation for sealing the cans? 2d. How do you pronounce the following words: Recipe, clematis, Cockburn and eligible? 3d. How many novels has Mrs. Henry Wood written; are they published in book form; what are their titles and what does each cost? 4th. Is round or angular hand the most fashionable for ladies? 5th. What per cent. is my handwriting; also my composition?" 1st. Why not ask this question of some excellent housekeeper of your acquaintance? You do not mention the kind of fruit, and a recipe for one might not answer for another. For sealing the cans, many of the patent contrivances are admirable. A good common way is to paint melted resin around the cork, and then tie a piece of bladder over the top. The main object is thoroughly to exclude the air. 2d. Reh-i-pee; dis-as-ter; Cockburn; el-i-gi-ble. 3d. Her works are very numerous. We cannot name them. Most of them have been published in book form, the price of each volume generally being $1.50. 4th. Round hand prevails. 5th. Both near 100.

[Several letters are here over to be answered in our next.]